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LITTLE JANE.

BY SARAH ELIZABETH STOCKTON.

Can you love me? little Jane,—
Straight her blue eyes opened wide,
Marveling I should be so vain—
Oh, sir, no, sir! she replied.

Shall I leave you, then? I said—
Shall I go into the war?
Low she bowed her modest head—
Oh, sir, no, sir! not so far.

Shall I marry Mary Price?
She with hair and eyes so bright!
Fair, affectionate, and nice;
Oh, sir, no, sir! not that fright!

Well, there's Eleanor MacGrew—
Large of person—large of purse—
Do you think that she will do?
Oh, sir, no, sir! worse and worse!

Then choose for me—end the strife;
Say what lady you prefer
I shall take to be my wife;
Oh, sir, no, sir! never, sir!

Must I go, my little Jane?
Tell me, since you say me nay—
Never more to come again?
Oh, sir, no, sir! you may stay.

EUDORA;

OR,

THE FALSE PRINCESS.

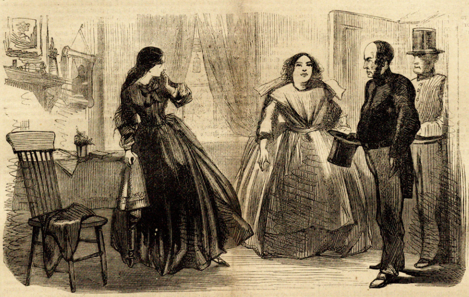
BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DOOM OF DEVILLE," "ROSE ELMER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

> Shuddering, she strove to speak
> Once more in nature's strong, appealing tones,
> To supplicate—then came a shriek
> That died in heavy moans. L. V. FRENCH.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



THE ARREST.

Meanwhile Eudora remained in strict seclusion at her obscure lodgings in the Borough. Her voluntary close confinement within her own apartments excited no suspicion in the guileless heart of her landlady, who ascribed it to the recent bereavement and extreme sorrow which her deep mourning and pallid countenance seemed truly to indicate.

Mrs. Corder had formed her own opinion concerning her beautiful lodger. No one had deceived the good woman, but she had quite naturally deceived herself; and so thoroughly was she persuaded of the truth of her own theory, that, when any chance visitor dropped in at evening to gossip, she informed her that the new lodger was the orphan daughter of a country clergyman, and had come to town to seek employment as a daily governess. And if any one had asked Mrs. Corder how she obtained her information, she would have said—and thought—that Miss Miller had told her.

Meanwhile Eudora passed her days in a heavy, deadly suspense and terror, and her nights in broken sleep and fearful dreams, from which she would start in nervous spasms. Every day her health visibly declined under this tremendous oppression.

The landlady ascribing her illness to inordinate grief for the death of her parents, sought every means to soothe and entertain her.

On the morning of the fifth day of her residence beneath the roof, the landlady brought her a letter, saying:

"Here now! I suppose this is to bring you some good news; an offer of a situation perhaps in some nobleman's family, who knows?" And the good woman stuck her arms akimbo and stood at rest, evidently anxious to be a participator in the "good news."

Eudora suspected the disguised handwriting to be that of Malcolm Montrose, and with trembling fingers opened the letter. It was without date or signature, and very brief, merely saying:

"MY DEAREST ONE—All is well as yet. The hounds are off the scent. Do not answer this letter; it might not be safe to do so. Keep close, and wait for another communication."

Eudora put the letter in her bosom, and waited for an opportunity to destroy it.

"Then it isn't good news," said the sympathetic landlady, closely inspecting Eudora's troubled face.

"It does not offer me a situation," replied Eudora, evasively, and blushing deeply at the prevarication.

"Well, never mind, dear; you'll have better fortune to-morrow, perhaps. And now I am not a-going to let you mope. You must go out and take a walk."

Eudora thanked the landlady, but declined the proposition, and gently expressed her wish to be alone, whereupon the kind creature sighed and withdrew.

As soon as she found herself free from the watchfulness of her kind hostess, Eudora struck a match, burned her letter on the hearth, then threw herself into a chair, covered her face with her hands, and sank back in the stillness of a dumb despair.

While she sat thus the landlady suddenly broke in upon her in a state of great excitement, exclaiming:

"Oh, my dear Miss Miller, you *must* excuse me; but I couldn't help coming to tell you, for I knew you would like to hear it——"

"What is it, Mrs. Corder?" Eudora languidly inquired.

"Why, that vile, wicked, infamous creature—that toad, that viper, that rattlesnake as poisoned all her good uncle's family—have broke loose from the perlice and run away."

"Indeed," was the only answer that Eudora could falter forth. Her throat was choking, her heart was stopping, her blood freezing with terror.

"Yes! but oh! they'll catch her again, the tiger-cat! for there's a reward of a hundred pounds offered for her arrest, and a full description of her person that nobody *can't* mistake! Here, my dear, read it for yourself," said Mrs. Corder, handing the newspaper to Eudora.

The poor girl took it in the desperate anxiety to read the advertisement, and ascertain how far the description might suit all medium-sized young brunettes, and how nearly it might agree with her own peculiar individuality.

She essayed to read, but as she held the paper, her hands trembled, her eyes filmed over, and her voice failed.

With an appealing look she held the paper towards Mrs. Corder, who took it, saying:

"Well, my dear, you *are* the nervousest I ever saw, and no wonder. But for all that you would like to hear it. Shall I read it for you?"

"Yes," was the only answer Eudora could breathe.

The landlady seated herself, and with an air of innocent importance opened the paper, and holding it squarely before her large person, read as follows:

"ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.—Absconded, from Allworth Abbey, near Abbeytown, in the county of Northumberland, on the night of Tuesday last, Eudora Milnes Leaton, charged with having poisoned the family of Leaton, at Allworth. The fugitive is of medium hight, slender, well-rounded, graceful form, and regular features, dark complexion, with black hair and black eyes. She wore, when she left, a full suit of deep mourning. The above reward will be given to any person who may apprehend and deliver up the said Eudora Milnes Leaton to justice."

Eudora felt that this description might suit any medium-sized young brunette in mourning as well as herself, and therefore breathed more freely, especially as she perceived that the unconscious landlady never once suspected the identity of her lodger with the advertised fugitive.

"There's for you, my dear; now, what do you think of that? They'll be sure to catch her again with *that* reward offered and *that* description given! She had better go and hide herself under the earth, for if she shows herself above ground, she is sure to be caught! Anybody would know her from that description the minute they clapped their eyes on her! I should, I'm sure, for I think I see her now, with her sharp, wicked black eyes, and sly leer and vicious looks!" said the landlady, gazing straight into the face of Eudora without the slightest suspicion of her identity with the fugitive; for good Mrs. Corder had an ideal portrait of the supposed criminal in her mind's eye that formed a complete blind to her discovery of Eudora.

"I hope the prisoner will be found and the truth brought to light," said Miss Leaton, fervently.

"And I hope so, too; and now, my dear, I will leave the paper for your amusement while I go down and see what Sally is about," said the landlady, leaving the room.

Eudora, as soon as she found herself alone, picked up the paper, and once more read the imperfect description of her own person.

"How fortunate for me that they did not think of the two little moles on my face! Even my innocent landlady must have detected me by them had they been mentioned," thought Eudora to herself. Yet still her heart was filled with dismay, and she felt an oppression of the lungs and a difficulty of breathing, that induced her to rise and open the door for a freer circulation of air.

As she did this, her attention was arrested by a knock at the private door down stairs.

As she was in that condition of peril when every sound struck terror to her heart, she paused and listened.

She heard the landlady go to the door and open it, saying, in a tone of surprise and displeasure:

"Well, whatever can be your business here with me or my house or family?"

"We come with a warrant for the arrest of Miss Eudora Leaton, charged with having poisoned her uncle's family, and supposed to be now lying concealed in your house," replied a voice that Eudora, in an agony of terror, recognized as that of Sims, the detective policeman, who had had her in custody at Allworth Abbey. Though nearly dying, she leaned far over the railings to hear farther.

"Eudora Leaton in my house, indeed! You must have taken leave of your senses, man! I'll sue you for slander! Pray, is my house a harbor for poisoners?" exclaimed the landlady, indignantly, placing her arms akimbo, and filling up the door with her burly person.

"Of course not, mum; nobody says that it is, or means that it shall be, and nobody accuses you of wilfully concealing the fugitive——"

"They'd a better not!" interposed the landlady.

"Well, they *don't*. But you have a young lady lodging here who arrived last Wednesday morning—a dark young lady, dressed in black?"

"Yes, but there are hundreds upon hundreds of dark young ladies dressed in black in London, and they aint all poisoners—God forbid! And this one with me aint Eudora Leaton, nor no such demon; on the contrary, she is Miss Miller, and an angel, that's what she is!'

"But for all that, mum, you must let us see this Miss Miller; you can have no objection to that?"

"Yes, but I *has* an objection; I has a very particular objection to any party of perlice intruding into a modest young lady's private apartments in *my* house. And so you had better go about your business," said the landlady, still stopping the way with her large form.

"We are sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Corder, but it is absolutely necessary for us to see this lodger," insisted the detective.

"But as my lodger happens to be a dark young lady in black, you may take her up by mistake, and that would kill the poor young creature."

"No danger, Mrs. Corder; we are both well acquainted with the personal appearance of Miss Eudora Leaton, having held her in custody for a whole day and night before her escape. It is only necessary for us to see this lodger for one moment, in order to know whether she is Eudora Leaton or not. If she is, we must take her at once; if she is not, you will be instantly relieved of our presence. And now I hope you will not longer hinder us in the discharge of our duty."

"Oh, certainly not—certainly not! Search! search by all manner of means, if you can't take an honest woman's word for it!" said the landlady, sarcastically. "Only for decency's sake, you must let me go before you, and tell Miss Miller before you burst in upon her privacy."

"Very well, mum; but we must follow close behind you to prevent accidents. Lead the way, then," replied Sims.

Eudora heard this conclusion, and turned with the wild instinct of flying or hiding, she knew not how or where.

The landlady led the way up stairs, and rapped at Eudora's parlor door. There was no answer. Then the policeman quickly pushed himself in front of the landlady, and suddenly opened the door.

Eudora stood in the middle of the floor, with her hands clasped and extended in mute appeal, her face blanched with terror, and her eyes strained in anguish upon the intruders.

"It is herself," said Sims, advancing into the room.

"I knew it before I saw her," added his companion, following him.

"It's not! you're both on you clean mad to say so, only because she happens for to have dark hair and eyes like that Eudora devil! I suppose you'd even be after taking up my Sally on suspicion, only she happens to be fair complected," exclaimed the landlady, vehemently.

"The young lady herself cannot deny her own identity. Are you not Miss Leaton?" inquired Detective Sims, addressing the panic-stricken girl.

"No!" screamed the landlady, before her lodger could reply; "no, I tell you she is Miss Miller!"

"I spoke to you, Miss; is not your name Eudora Leaton?" inquired Sims, confidently.

"It is; I am, indeed, poor Eudora Leaton!" said the miserable girl, in a dying voice, dropping her head upon her bosom, and letting her clasped hands fall asunder helplessly by her side.

"Then please to hold out your wrists, Miss," said the officer, drawing from his pocket a pair of light steel handcuffs connected by a short, bright steel chain.

Eudora mechanically obeyed, without the slightest suspicion of what was about to be done.

"Sorry to have to clasp these ornaments on your wrists, Miss; but when a prisoner displays such a wonderful talent for escape as you have, why, we must take proper precautions. Hold your hands up a little higher, if you please, Miss—there!" said Sims, snapping the handcuffs upon her delicate wrists; "there, now, I dare say, as your waiting-maid never clasped your gold bracelets when you were going to a party quicker than I have these. And these, though they are of steel, are as light and as bright as possible, and steel is very fashionable now; and as for the chain that connects them, it is for all the world like the handle of an elegant recticule. You see I selected the pattern of the ornament with a view to the delicacy of the wearer," concluded the man, carefully adjusting the fetters.

"And now, mum," he added, turning to the landlady, "will you get Miss Leaton's bonnet and shawl, and so forth, and put them on her, while my comrade goes out and calls a cab?"

The landlady, since the confession of Eudora, had been standing the very image of dumb consternation.

The request of the policeman broke the spell of silence that bound her, and she burst into a passion of tears, sobbing and exclaiming:

"Well, who'd a thought it? I wouldn't—no! I wouldn't a believed it if an angel from heaven had come down and told me! and I can scarce believe it even now when I look into her innocent face! Oh, my dear! say it was all a mistake! say as how you are *not* Eudora Leaton, and *not* a poisoner, or you'll break the mother's heart in my bosom!" she cried, extending her arms with yearning tenderness towards the miserable girl.

"Oh, Mrs. Corder! I am indeed Eudora Leaton, but no poisoner; as the Lord in heaven sees and hears me, no poisoner! Your pure and honest heart must read and understand me rightly! Oh, come, look into my eyes, deep down into my soul, and see if it is stained with such an atrocious crime!" said Eudora, clasping her fettered hands, and raising her beautiful eyes to the face of the landlady.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed the latter; "since you are Eudora Leaton, you are wrongfully accused! I'd stake my life upon it you are wrongfully accused! I believe you to be as innocent of that deed as my own Sally, that I do!"

"Oh, thank you! thank you for that! for you believe only what God knows to be true! I am innocent!" wept Eudora.

"I know you be, my poor child! Oh, Mr. Perlice, look at her! just look at her sweet face and soft eyes, and tell me if it is possible for *her* to be guilty of what she is accused with?" said the landlady, taking the detective by his arm, and turning him towards the prisoner.

"The testimony, mum, the testimony!" said that functionary, coolly.

"Oh, the testimony!" The landlady shut her lips to prevent the escape of a word that would not have become the mouth of an honest woman.

"Fax is fax, mum! And now, as we want to catch the three o'clock train, I wish you would show your kindness to your lodger by putting her things on her."

"I won't! You shan't take her away, you cruel man!" cried the landlady, roaring with grief.

"Do, Mrs. Corder, get my bonnet and shawl; we must not resist the warrant, you know," said Eudora, in an expiring voice, as, unable longer to support her sinking frame, she dropped into the nearest chair.

"But I *will* resist! It's cruel! it's monstrous! it's infamous to drag you off in this way!" sobbed the landlady.

"I'll tell you what, mum, unless you get what the young lady requires, and help her to prepare for her journey, I shall have to go into her chamber and be her waiting-maid myself, which might not be so pleasant, you know, for I expect Rutt here every minute with the cab."

And at this moment, indeed, the other policeman entered to say that the carriage was at the door.

"Come, come, bestir yourself, my good woman, or shall I go?" said Sims, hurrying towards the chamber door.

"No," said Mrs. Corder, losing her temper, forgetting her respectability, descending into the depths of Billingsgate, and fishing up its blackest mud of vituperation to fling at the policemen.

She resisted, abused, and threatened them at such a rate that, had they not been very forbearing, besides having a much more important matter in hand, they might reasonably have taken her in charge.

When the landlady had fairly screamed herself out of breath, so that she was obliged to stop and pant, Eudora took advantage of the momentary silence to lay her manacled hands upon the arm of the angry woman, and falter:

"Dear, good friend, all this is well meant, but it does me harm instead of good. We cannot possibly resist lawful authority; and so, if you really desire to serve me, do that for me which I should not like a policeman to do, and which I cannot do for myself."

"Oh, poor, fatherless, motherless child! Oh, poor, dear little fettered wrists!" cried the landlady, sobbing and weeping over them.

"Come, mum, come! time's up!" said Sims.

He was answered by another shower of tears and abuse, as Mrs. Corder retreated into the bedroom.

She soon re-appeared with Eudora's outer garments, which she carefully arranged upon the person of their owner, folding the shawl so as to conceal the degrading fetters.

"And now, where be you a-going to take my poor darling? Not to Newgate, I hope?"

"Oh, no, mum, we must take her back to Abbeytown, where she will have a fair trial and full justice, that you may depend upon, so don't be alarmed," said Sims, with more good nature than could have been expected of him under the circumstances.

When Eudora was ready she sank into the arms of her rough but honest friend, who embraced her fervently, praying:

"Oh, may the Lord deliver you from all your enemies and all your troubles, my poor, helpless darling! and may the old Nick himself——"

"Hush, hush!" said Eudora, stopping her words with a kiss; "let me go with the sound of blessings, not of curses, ringing on my ears! Good-bye, dear friend! May God reward you for all your kindness to me!"

And Eudora withdrew from her arms.

The landlady sank sobbing into a chair. The young prisoner, half fainting, was led away between the two policemen.

They took her down stairs, and placed her in the cab, which was immediately driven towards the King's-cross Railway Station.

They arrived just in time to catch the desired train. Eudora was hurried into a coupé, where she sat guarded on the right and left by the two policemen.

It was a miserable journey of about six hours. The policemen were reasonably kind to her, and whenever the train stopped for refreshments, they offered her food, wine, tea and coffee. But she refused all meat and drink, and sat in a stupor of exhaustion and despair.

It was after nine o'clock when the train arrived at Abbeytown. It was quite dark, but the station was well lighted, and the usual mob of guards, cabmen, and idlers was collected to see the train come in.

There were but few passengers for Abbeytown, so that when the policemen stepped out of the coupé, leading their prisoner between them—and when Sims stood by, guarding her while Rutt went to call a cab—they were exposed to the observation of the whole crowd, who gathered around, quickly identified the party, and began to whisper audibly that the notorious Eudora Leaton, the poisoner of her uncle's family, was there in custody of the police, and to elbow, push, and crowd each other in their anxiety to see her face.

Eudora, nearly fainting with distress, put up her hands to draw her veil closer about her face, and in so doing exposed her fettered wrists.

"Handcuffed, too, by all that's blue! What a desperate 'un she must be, to be sure," said a rude man, pushing near, and trying to look under her veil.

"Stand back, will you?" shouted Sims, angrily.

"Oh, we mustn't look at her, mustn't we? Well, then, I reckon the day'll come as we'll get a full view of her for nothing. Calcraft's patients don't wear weils to hide their blushes."

Eudora shuddered at this rude speech, when luckily the other officer came up with the cab, and she was hurried into it, out of the insulting scrutiny of the mob.

Among those who had gazed with even more interest than curiosity upon the hapless girl, was a tall, thin, mustachioed foreigner, wrapped in a large cloak, and having a travelling-cap pulled down low over his piercing eyes. He had come down alone in a first-class carriage, and now stood waiting upon the platform.

When the cab had rolled out of sight, and the train had started, and the bustle of the arrival and departure was over, the stranger turned to an *employée* at the station, and said:

"Who is that young girl that arrived in charge of the police?"

"That, sir? why, a most notorious criminal, sir, as has just been taken in London; by name Miss Leaton, sir; more's the pity, for it's a noble one to end in shame and ruin."

"Miss Leaton!—not of Allworth Abbey?—not the daughter of Lord Leaton?" questioned the stranger in the strongest agitation.

"Oh, Lord, no, sir; not the daughter of Lord Leaton, but his niece. Lord, sir, haven't you heard about it? I thought the story had gone all over England."

"I have but just arrived in the country, and know nothing of the affair, but I am interested in hearing the particulars, if you will do me the favor of relating them."

"Oh, yes, sir, certainly, with great pleasure," said the man.

And it was indeed with *very* great pleasure that he commenced and related to a perfectly fresh hearer the oft-repeated awful tragedy of Allworth Abbey.

The stranger listened with the deepest interest. At the conclusion of the narrative, he said:

"The circumstances, indeed, seem to point out this young Eudora Leaton as the criminal; but from the glimpse I caught of her lovely face, she is just the last person in the world I should suspect of crime."

"Oh, sir, we musn't judge by appearances. Who looked more innocent nor William Palmer? He had just the most sweetest and benevolentest face as ever vas seen."

"I know nothing of the man of whom you speak; but the face of this young girl is certainly not that of a poisoner. And so I should like you to name over to me every individual of the drawing-room circle at Allworth Abbey at the time of Lord Leaton's sudden death."

"Yes, sir; that is easily done, for there were very few—Lord and Lady Leaton; their only child, Miss Leaton; their niece, Miss Eudora; and their guest, the Princess Pezzilini."

"Humph! And the domestic establishment, can you call its members over by name?"

"Lord, yes, sir! ever since that dreadful affair every individual member of that household is well beknown to everybody," replied the man, who immediately began and gave a list of all the maid and men servants in or about Allworth Abbey.

"Humph," said the stranger again; and then, after a few moments spent in deep thought, he thanked the narrator for his information, put a crown-piece in his hand, and requested him to call a cab.

The man touched his hat, hurried away, and soon returned with the cab.

"To the Leaton Arms," said the stranger as he entered the cab and threw himself heavily back among the cushions.

Meanwhile Eudora Leaton, in charge of the two policemen, was carried into the town.

It was considered too late to take her before a magistrate, or even lodge her in the county gaol, which had been closed for hours.

The policemen therefore conveyed her to a rude but strong station, or lock-up house, where drunkards, brawlers, thieves, and other disturbers of the night were confined until morning.

Eudora was thrust into a large stone room, with grated windows placed high up towards the ceiling, and rude oaken benches ranged along the walls. This apartment was without fire, beds, or separate cells.

It was occupied by about half-a-dozen abandoned women and various children, some of whom lay extended along the benches in the stupid sleep of intoxication, while others walked restlessly about engaged in desultory conversation.

As soon as Eudora was brought into the room they ceased their talk to stare at her, as though she had been a vision from another world.

Truly, she was a strange visitant of such a place as that.

In a moment, however, they seemed to have fixed upon her identity, and began an eager whispering concerning her supposed crimes and probable fate.

As soon as the policemen had gone, and the strong oaken door was locked and barred upon her, and she found herself alone among these wretched outcasts, fear and loathing seized her soul, and she retreated to the remotest corner of the hall, where she crouched down upon the bench, and covered her face with her vail.

But Eudora had to learn in her misery that human sympathies still lived in the seared hearts of those poor women, dead though they seemed to all higher feelings.

While shrinking in horror from the sight and hearing of these lost creatures, Eudora heard one whisper to another:

"Go to her, Nance, you're the youngest of the lot, and maybe she'll not be frightened of you. Go to her, there's a good lass; see, she aint used to being in a place like this."

"I dunnot like to go, Poll. She's a lady, and I dunnot like to."

"But she is in trouble with the rest of us, Nance, and she's a stranger to the place, with no one to speak to. Go to her, there's a good lass."

"Well, if you'll go with me and speak first."

"Me! look at me, with my torn gown and my black eye; I should scare the soul out of the likes of her," said Poll, sighing.

"Bosh! she wouldn't see 'em; 'sides if all's true as is said of *her*, *she* aint easy scared. Howsoever, and whatsoever she *has* done, I am sorry for her, seeing as she is in about the deepest trouble as any woman *could* be in! so let's both go and comfort her."

One touch of sympathy as well as nature makes all the world of kin.

Eudora's heart was touched; but though purity cannot do otherwise than shrink from the contact of impurity, and though Eudora still shuddered as these women approached her, yet she put aside her vail and looked gratefully towards them.

"Come, lass, don't be downcast; keep up a good heart in your bosom. There's many a one locked up here, and comes afore the beak, as is never sent up to the 'sizes; and many and many tried at the 'sizes as are never conwicted, and more conwicted as are never exercuted. So you see, my poor dear, as there are ten chances to one in your favor."

"And I am not guilty; that also should be in my favor," said poor Eudora, glad of any sympathy.

"To be sure you arn't, my dear! You arn't guilty, even supposing you *did* poison your uncle's family! We arn't any on us guilty of anything in particular, no matter what we do. It's SOCIETY as is guilty of everything, as I myself heard well proved by an philanthrophysing gemman as spoke to the people on Fledgemoor Common," said the enlightened Poll.

"But I did *not* poison my uncle's family. Oh! my God! how can anyone think I could do such a thing," said Eudora, shuddering.

"Well, dear, I don't ask you to confess, which would be unreasonable; but I *do* tell you that it makes no difference to me; I pities you all the same whether you did poison 'em or not. For, maybe, you couldn't help it; and maybe they *deserved* poisoning, 'cause why? some people are more agrowoking nor rats and mice, as everyone allows it to be lawful to poison. And maybe they trampled on you being of an orphan niece. And leastways—it aint *you*, it's society as is to blame for it all, as the philanthrophysing gemman said at Fledgemoor Common. So, my darling, you just keep up your heart. And here, take a drop of comfort to help you to do so. Here is some rale 'mountain dew' as will get up your spirits just about right. Take a sip," said Poll, diving into the depths of a capacious pocket and drawing forth a flask, which she unstopped and offered to Eudora.

But the fumes of the gin were so repulsive to the latter that she waved it away, saying:

"I thank you; you are very kind, indeed; but I do not require anything."

"Well, if you won't take the gin, you must lie down and rest anyhow; for you look just about ready to faint away. We'll make you the best bed as we can in this miserable place. Here, Nance, lend me your shawl; and lend me yours, Peg; we must be good to a poor girl as is in a thousand times deeper trouble nor we are ourselves, 'cause our lives is not in danger as hers be," said Poll, stripping the shawl from her own shoulders and folding and laying it on the rude bench, and rolling Nance's shawl into a pillow, and retaining Peg's for a blanket.

"Now, my darling, take off your bonnet, and loosen your clothes, and spread your pocket handkerchief over this rum pillow, and try to take some rest, and you'll be all the better able to face the beaks to-morrow."

"I thank you; you are very, very good to me; and I know that the best thing I can do is to lie down as you advise me," said Eudora, with much emotion, for she had scarcely hoped to meet such tender sympathy from such rude natures.

And she took off her bonnet, unhooked the boddice of her dress, and laid her weary frame down on the little bed that their kindness had prepared for her.

Poll covered her carefully with Peg's shawl, and then bidding her good night, drew off her companions to the farthest end of the room, where they conversed in low whispers, for fear of disturbing "the poor young lady."

Left to herself, Eudora composed her mind to prayer; and, as the prayers of innocence always bring peace, notwithstanding all the shame, grief, and terror of her position, the poor girl sank into a strange calm, and thence into a deep sleep.

CHAPTER XV.

> Oh, God! that one might see the book of fate,
> And read the revolution of the times—
> Make mountains level, and the continent,
> Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
> Into the sea! and other times to see
> The beachy girdle of the ocean
> Too wide for Neptune's hips.
> SHAKSPEARE.

Clearly broke the morning through the grated windows of the lock-up house. The beams of the rising sun slanting through the bars, shone upon the wretched inmates, some extended along the benches, some squatted upon the floor, but all in a heavy sleep.

Eudora, lying covered up carefully in her remote corner of the room, out of the direct rays of the sun, also continued to sleep soundly.

An hour or two passed without anything disturbing the quiet of the prison, until at length the falling of the bars, opening of the door, and entrance of the policemen, awoke the sleepers, who commenced an unanimous clamor for food, for drink, and, above all, for release.

Roused by the noise, Eudora started up and gazed wildly around, not comprehending her situation; but soon memory, with all its terrors, awoke, and nearly turned her into stone. She gazed upon her manacled hands, her prison walls, and her wretched companions, and her blood nearly froze in her veins.

The policemen had come to take the other women and the children before the magistrate. The three females who had befriended her the night before now came to her to reclaim their shawls, and with many kind wishes, took leave.

"Keep up your spirits, lass! don't let the beaks see you down in the mouth! Lawk, it is only the *first* time going as is awful. By the time you've been hauled up afore the beak as often as I has, you won't mind it more'n I do. Will she, Nance?"

"Not a bit of it," said the girl addressed.

Eudora shuddered throughout her frame at this horrible style of consolation. And yet so real is the link that binds together the whole brotherhood and sisterhood of man and woman, and so intense in times of trouble is the craving of the human heart for human sympathy, that it was with feelings of longing and regret Eudora saw these wretched women depart.

She was left quite alone for an hour, at the end of which the detective Sims brought her some coffee and bread, of which he kindly advised her to partake.

"How long shall I have to remain here?" inquired the poor girl.

"Your examination before the magistrates is fixed for noon. It can't take place before, because of the witnesses having to be brought together."

"Thank you. Will you set down the coffee, and be kind enough to procure me a pitcher of water?"

The officer nodded, and went and brought the required refreshment, and then retired and barred the door upon the solitary prisoner.

And as soon as she was again left alone, Eudora, over whose habits of neatness no misfortune could prevail, took combs, brushes, and a towel from her travelling-bag, and with the aid of the jug of water, bathed her face, combed her hair, and arranged her dress as well as with her manacled hands she could. Then she drank the coffee and tried to compose her mind for the severe ordeal before her.

She had not long to wait. At a quarter to twelve the bars once more fell with a clang, the door was opened, and the two officers entered to conduct her before the magistrates. With her fettered hands she managed to put on her bonnet, but could not contrive to arrange her shawl; but Sims performed this service for her with gentleness and delicacy, folding the shawl so as to conceal the manacles.

Then, closely vailed, she was led out between the two policemen, and conducted across the street to the Town-hall, in a front room of which the magistrates held their sessions.

A rude crowd of men, women and boys was collected in front of the building, waiting to get a sight of her face as she passed. But the policemen kindly hurried her through this crowd into the hall.

It was a large stone room, divided across the middle of the floor by an iron railing. Within this railing, behind a long table, sat three magistrates; the presiding Justice, Sir Ira Brunton, occupied the central position, while on his right sat Squire Humphreys, and on his left Squire Upton. At one extremity of the table sat the clerk, and at the opposite end stood the group of witnesses, consisting of Dr. Watkins, Dr. Hall, the Princess Pezzilini, two chemists, a policeman, and the domestic servants of Allworth Abbey.

Immediately before the table stood Malcolm Montrose, looking pale, anxious, and heartbroken. On seeing the entrance of Eudora guarded, he hurried through the little gate of the railings towards her, saying, in a low and hurried tone:

"Oh, Eudora! It is but an hour since I heard of your arrest—only when the sheriff's-officer arrived at Allworth to summon the witnesses; and I hurried hither immediately to see what I could do for you."

"Nothing, nothing, you can do nothing for me, dear friend; my case is so desperate that none but God can help me."

"But oh, Eudora——"

"Sir, we cannot allow any conversation with the prisoner," said Sims, hurrying his charge on to the immediate presence of the magistrates.

"Place a chair for her, officer; she is unable to stand," said Squire Upton, looking at the terrified and half-fainting girl with feelings that might have been compassion, but for the horror her supposed crime inspired.

Sims placed a chair directly in front of the table before the magistrates, and Eudora dropped rather than sat down in it..

Sims then laid the warrant upon the table before their worships, and retreated behind the chair of his prisoner.

Sir Ira Brunton adjusted his spectacles, took up the warrant, looked over it, and then addressing the accused, said, coldly:

"Will you please to throw aside your vail, Miss Leaton?"

Eudora, with trembling fingers, obeyed, and revealed a face so deathly in its pallor, that those who looked upon it shrank back and uttered exclamations of pity, for they thought the girl must be dying.

"Miss Leaton," pursued Sir Ira Brunton, "the warrant that I hold here charges you with the murder, by the administration of poison, of the late Lord and Lady Leaton and their daughter, the Hon. Agatha Leaton. I must say that I grieve exceedingly to see one of your age and sex and rank stand before us charged with so heinous a crime."

The deadly pallor of Eudora's cheeks were suddenly flushed with a hectic spot, as she faltered forth:

"I am guiltless; oh, sir, you who have known me ever since I came, an orphan, to this strange land, should know that I am."

"God grant that it may prove so," said the magistrate, sternly.

And the investigation immediately commenced. First, the minutes of the coroner's inquest were read; and then the witnesses were examined in turn.

The housekeeper, Mrs. Vose, was called, and with many tears and much reluctance, gave in her testimony:

"That Miss Eudora Leaton was the niece of Lord Leaton, and after Miss Agatha, the next heiress to the estate. Miss Eudora had nursed Lord Leaton through his fatal illness, preparing all his delicate food and drink with her own hands. She prepared the sleeping draught of which he drank ten minutes before his sudden death. Miss Eudora also nursed Miss Agatha through her last illness, which corresponded in all its symptoms to that of the late Lord Leaton. Miss Eudora watched beside Miss Agatha on the last night of her life, and prepared the tamarind-water of which she drank just before her death. Lady Leaton drank of the same beverage just before her sudden demise."

Squire Upton inquired:

"Was the jug containing this beverage left out of the prisoner's keeping from the time of her preparing it to the time of Miss Agatha Leaton's death?"

"I think not. Miss Eudora prepared the drink in the housekeeper's room, and took it up to Miss Agatha's chamber, where she (Miss Eudora) watched through the night," replied Mrs. Vose.

Several others among the domestic servants were examined, and each one, in a greater or less degree, corroborated the testimony of the housekeeper.

The next witness examined was the family physician, Dr. Watkins, who testified that the symptoms of the sudden accessions of illness, which successively terminated in the death of Lord Leaton, Lady Leaton, and Miss Leaton, were those produced by the poison of St. Ignatius' Bean;—that traces of this poison were discovered in the autopsy of the dead bodies and in the analysis of the beverage prepared by Miss Eudora Leaton, and of which they drank just previous to their deaths;—and that a quantity of the same fatal drug was found in Miss Eudora Leaton's box.

The testimony of the doctor was corroborated by two physicians who had assisted in the autopsy of the bodies and the analysis of the beverage, and by the policeman who had executed the warrant and discovered the poison in Eudora's possession.

The last witness examined was the Princess Pezzilini, who, with the exception of the scientific evidence offered by the physicians, corroborated the whole of the foregoing testimony.

The evidence being all collected, the prisoner was asked if she had any explanation to give before the magistrates should decide upon her case.

Slowly rising, and in a very faint voice, she answered:

"None that will do any good, I fear. I did, indeed, nurse my uncle and my cousin through their last illnesses——"

"Prisoner, you are seriously compromising yourself by making these admissions. You must be careful not to commit yourself again," said Squire Upton.

"Sir, if I speak at all, I can only speak the truth, and I cannot believe that the truth can hurt me. I repeat, then, your worships, that I *did* nurse my uncle and cousin through their last illness. I *did* prepare with my own hands all the food and drink of which they partook——"

"Prisoner, prisoner," said Squire Upton, in a tone of great sympathy, for—despite the conclusive evidence against her, it was impossible to look into her innocent eyes without feeling a doubt of her supposed guilt, and wishing to give her the benefit of that doubt—"prisoner, I must again earnestly warn you that you are fatally criminating yourself, a thing that the law does not require you to do. Justice affords even to the most guilty the opportunity of acquittal, which the criminal is not bound to destroy."

"Sir, I am not a criminal; and if speaking the truth is to destroy me, it must do so. I did prepare their food and drink, as I did everything else for their relief and comfort, because I loved them so much that I would have given my life, if its sacrifice could have saved theirs. I put no injurious ingredient in anything that I made for them. And as for that deadly poison of St. Ignasius' Bean, of which it is said they died, and which was found in my box, I do not know how it came there. I never, certainly, had it in my possession, never knew anything of its properties, never even heard of its existence before! And as I have spoken truly, so may the Lord deliver my life from this great peril!"

She concluded in a very low voice, and at the close of her little speech sank trembling into her chair again. Her simple defence, with its fatal admissions, was of course worse than useless; and her unsupported denial of the poisoning had not a feather's weight to counterbalance the crushing mass of evidence against her.

"Humph! I see but one course for us to pursue, and that is to send her to trial. What do you say, Mr. Humphreys? What do you say, Mr. Upton?" inquired Sir Ira Brunton, looking to the right and left upon his associate magistrates.

"I regret to be obliged to coincide with you," said Mr. Humphreys.

"It is very sad, very, very sad; but I see no possible alternative," said Squire Upton, looking with deep compassion upon the poor young girl.

"Fill out the mittimus, Wallace," ordered Sir Ira Brunton.

The clerk immediately filled out the commitment of Eudora Leaton, and placed it in the hands of detective Sims, with the order to take away his prisoner at once.

At this command a wild affright blanched the face of Eudora, who, in her utter ignorance of the magistrates prerogative, clasped her hands, and raised her dilated eyes, in an agony of supplication, saying:

"Oh, sirs, I am innocent! God knows I am! Have pity on me!"

"My child," said the kind-hearted Squire Upton, who more than half-doubted her imputed guilt, "this is not final, you know. We pronounce no judgment upon your guilt or innocence, we only send you to take your trial before a higher court, where you may be fully acquitted. Meanwhile, no doubt your friends will procure you counsel from the highest legal talent in the kingdom, and this talent will devote itself to the task of clearing away these circumstances that appear against you; and if you are really innocent, as I hope that you are, take faith and patience to your heart, and pray and trust to God for their success and your deliverance."

Eudora listened to these words with eager, breathless interest; but, oh, they afforded her but little hope. She bowed in silent acknowledgment of the magistrates' kindness, and turned in resigned despair towards her custodians.

Malcolm Montrose, with anguish stamped like death upon his brow, came forward, and, in a choking voice, said:

"Gentlemen, if any amount of bail would suffice to set her at liberty——"

"Mr. Montrose, the Queen of England could not bail out a prisoner charged with the crime of which she stands committed," said Sir Ira Brunton, sternly.

Ah! Malcolm knew this as well as the magistrates did; he had only spoken in the transient madness of grief and desperation. Now he turned to the prisoner, and said:

"Eudora, throw yourself upon the mercy of Heaven, since there is so little left on earth. Oh, pray to God as I shall pray for you, and try to bear up under this heaviest affliction through these darkest of days. I will leave for London to-night, and retain the best counsel that can be procured. I will bring them to you to-morrow. Oh, try to endure your life until then."

"Mr. Montrose," said Sir Ira Brunton, "the prisoner must be at once removed; we are waiting to examine other cases."

"Good-bye until to-morrow, Eudora. Before you reach your prison walls, I shall be speeding towards London to bring down your counsel. Heaven be with you, most innocent and most injured girl."

And pressing her hand fervently, he relinquished it, and hurried away, to throw himself into the next up train.

Eudora was led out between the two officers, placed in a cab, and driven towards the gaol.

The prison—situated on the outskirts of the town—was a great, grim-looking, dark, gray stone building, pierced by narrow grated windows, and surrounded by high stone walls.

Poor Eudora's stricken heart collapsed and sank within her as the cab drew up before this formidable-looking stronghold.

The policemen alighted, handed their prisoner out, and rang at the grated gate in the wall, which was immediately unlocked and opened by the turnkey on duty there.

The terrified, half-fainting girl was led into a close courtyard, where the very wind of Heaven, that bloweth where it listeth, was scarcely free to move, and across it, towards the main entrance of the prison, a low, narrow, ironbound oaken door, approached by six steep stone steps in the thickness of the wall.

Here again the policemen rang, and the door was opened by the keeper on duty, who admitted the whole party into a gloomy-looking stone hall, where a turnkey received and silently conducted them to a side-door on the right leading into the gaoler's office.

Here the sinking girl was permitted to sit down while the gaoler received the warrant for her confinement, entered her name upon the prison books, gave a receipt for her person, and discharged the policemen, who immediately left.

When they were gone, the gaoler looked with the utmost interest and sorrow upon the unhappy girl left in his custody; and well he might, for it was the father of Eudora whose kind efforts had procured his appointment to the office which he now held.

He went to a small cupboard in the wall, and poured out a glass of sherry, which he brought to her, and with paternal kindness compelled her to drink.

The generous wine certainly called back the ebbing tide of her life, and when Mr. Anderson saw this, he said:

"Do not be too much cast down, Miss Leaton. Hope for the best. Meantime, while you are left in my charge, I will try to make your confinement as easy as I can consistently with my duty and your safe keeping."

"I thank you," breathed Eudora, in a low voice, and with a slightly surprised look; for the poor child's abstract idea of gaolers had been that they were terrible, avenging demons, having indeed the shape of men, but being set aside from common human nature by reason of their odious office. And to see in this dreaded monster a benevolent little man, who spoke gently and acted kindly, was a new revelation.

"And now I will take you to your cell, where at least you may lie down and take the rest that you seem to need so much. I will make you as comfortable as circumstances will admit; and as you are not here for punishment, but only to awit your trial, you may be allowed many privileges that are denied to those who are confined for offences."

"I thank you," again sighed the poor girl, whose tortured brain could shape no other form of reply, and whose aching heart could take no interest in the minor comforts or discomforts of her situation while the appalling calamity of her approaching trial and probable fate stared her in the face.

But she arose and followed the gaoler, who led her back into the hall, up a flight of steep stone stairs, and along a narrow corridor flanked each side by grated doors.

About midway down the length of this corridor, he paused and unlocked a door on the right hand, and led his prisoner into a stone cell, very small but very clean, having a grated window at the back, and furnished with a cot-bed, and a wooden stand and chair.

"I place you here," said Mr. Anderson, "because the window looks down upon the prison garden and out over the heath, so that your eyes may travel though your feet may not. And now sit down, if you please, while I take off those handcuffs."

Eudora sank into the only chair, and held up her hands while the gaoler relieved her of those galling fetters, which, long after they had been removed, left livid circles around those delicate wrists to show where they had pressed.

"And now I will go and send one of the female turnkeys to bring you what you need. And if there is anything that will—I cannot say add to your comfort, but—detract from your *dis*comfort, send word by her to me, and if possible, you shall be accommodated with what you want," said Anderson, leaving the cell and locking the door.

Eudora took off her bonnet and shawl, cast herself upon the narrow bed, closed her eyes, threw her arms up over her head—it was almost with a sense of pleasure that she felt them free again—and abandoned herself to the natural attitude of the prostration of grief.

She had scarcely lain thus for five minutes when the door was again unlocked, and a woman, coarse in person, but civil in demeanor, entered the cell, bringing a basin, pitcher of water, and towel, all of which she placed upon the stand.

Hearing this woman moving about the cell, Eudora, without changing her attitude, listlessly opened her eyes.

The woman then pointed to the conveniences she had brought, and said:

"Mr. Anderson wishes to know if there is anything else you would like."

Eudora shook her head in silence, and the woman retreated, and once more locked the prisoner in.

Two or three hours passed, in which Eudora, lying still upon her narrow prison bed in the dull anguish of despair, felt as if her heart was slowly and painfully dying, but without the hope of ultimate death.

Everyone who has suffered the extremity of suspense, grief, or despair, knows the dread sensation of this dying life or living death. It is that which even in youth, in health, and in a few hours, has power to wrinkle the brow, whiten the hair, and disorganize the heart.

It was quite dark, when the female turnkey, whose name was Barton, entered the cell, bringing Eudora's supper on a tray, and saying:

"This was sent you from Mr. Anderson's own table, Miss; do try and eat a bit."

Eudora shook her head in silence; but the woman was kindly persistent, and the poor girl, by nature very docile, lifted herself up and ate a small bit of mutton-chop, and drank a little port wine.

"And now, Miss, if you've brought your night clothes along with you, I would like to help you to undress, and see you comfortably in bed before I leave you, for you do not look so very over strong."

In this instance also Eudora meekly yielded to the guidance of Mrs. Barton, took a night-gown from the travelling-bag, and permitted the good woman to help her to undress and get into bed.

And then Mrs. Barton hung up Eudora's dress, and bidding her be of good cheer, and wishing her good night, left the cell, and locked her in.

And as soon as the poor girl found herself again alone, she closed her eyes, clasped her hands, and raised her heart in prayer to God for strength, comfort, and deliverance.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

◆

THE SIN, NOT THE SINNER.

There is a difficulty about everything, and few difficulties are more serious than that of distinguishing, in the matter of feeling, between faults and sins, and the person that commits them.

If you teach your child to abhor lying, ten to one he will abhor liars. If you teach him that he should pity and even love the vicious, you will, almost to a certainty, find him softening away or excusing their vices. You will find the same trouble with yourself.

It is terribly hard to do anything exactly right. He that disputes this proposition has never tried to carry himself *exactly* right about anything. "About right" is the rule of the generality of men—and while a man has no higher standard than this, he finds it not very hard to satisfy himself.

Now we all know people that are shockingly mean, and a hard job it is for us to love them. We know liars, and 'tis hard not to despise them; we know oppressive, overbearing persons, and persons that are forgetful of promises and all sorts of engagements and duties, and persons that have treated us most contemptibly, merely because they are of a contemptible nature, and to confess the truth we have to pray ourselves down to, or up to, a state of charity towards those persons nearly every day. It is a case for prayer "without ceasing," and 'tis much as ever we don't hate these people after all. As for *their* faults, no fear that we shall look indulgently on them—our temptation lies not in *that* direction.

On the other hand, however, there are dear people that we love, whose faults are, we have reason to fear, grievous in the sight of God; but as for us, we cannot summon heart to smite them never so feebly. They—the faults—are actually in danger of becoming dear to us, for the sake of the doer. And there is one feature of *this* trouble which makes it worse than the other—we can never pray *half* so heartily for grace to hate and make uncompromising war upon the faults of those whom we love, as we can for grace to love those whose faults we hate.

Oh! mortality! who shall deliver us from all our folly and sin?

Thank God! there *is* help for us, one and all, if we will but apply for it. C. S.

◆

THE WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS.

It is singular that the persons who are most loud in magnifying the pretended advantage, in point of wisdom, of ancient over modern times, are the very same who are the most loud in proclaiming the superiority, in the same respect, of old men above young ones. What has governed them in both cases seems to have been the prejudice of names. It is certain that, if there be some reasons why the old should have the advantage over the young, there are, at least, the same reasons for times that are called modern having it over times that are called ancient. There are more; for decrepitude, as applied to persons, is real—as applied to times, it is imaginary. Men, as they acquire experience, lose the faculties that might enable them to turn it to account. Is it not so with times? The stock of wisdom acquired by ages is a stock transmitted through a vast number of generations, from men in the perfection of their faculties to others also in the perfection of their faculties. The stock of knowledge transmitted from one period of a man's life to another period of the same man's life, is a stock from which, after a certain period, large defalcations are every minute making by the scythe of time.

◆

DEFINITIONS.

Man.—A conglomerate mass of hair, segar smoke, confusion, conceit and boots.

Woman.—The waiter, per force, of the afore said animal.

Husband.—An instrument constructed to growl over shirt buttons that "ar'n't thar."

Wife.—A machine made for darning stockings, making puddings, and sewing on shirt buttons.

Father.—A being who thrashes boys, and won't "fork over" as his olive branches desire.

Mother.—A pleasant song—a sweet vision of childhood.

Child.—A compound of delightful and distressing elements.

Baby.—An invention for keeping people awake nights, and for the aggrandizement of washer-women. An Old Maid.

◆

"This animal," said an itinerant showman, "is the royal African hyena, measuring fourteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and the same distance back again, making in all twenty-eight feet. He cries in the wood in the night season like a human being in distress, and then devours all that comes to his assistance—a sad instance of the depravity of human nature."

◆

When once infidelity can persuade men that they shall *die* like beasts, they will soon be brought to *live* like beasts also.

SONG.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Minstrel, flash no more red battle
Through the passion of thy lyre;
For the gentle star and rainbow
Leave the victor's baleful fire:
Ask you what shall stir your numbers?
What shall lift your spirit's wing?
What the theme of joy and rapture
Thou for me, this night, must sing?—
Sing the mild, the bloodless myrtle;
Sing the peace-enchanted mart;
Sing the loving, quiet household;
Sing the sweet rose of the Heart!

II.

We have had enough of epics,
Shaking with the feet of Strife:
Why, oh why, must man forever
Trouble thus the stream of life?
Leave the horrent sword to demons,
Long ago from Eden hurled;
'Tis the true bard's holy mission
To imparadise the world—
Singing of the bloodless myrtle;
Singing of the sunny mart;
Singing love in quiet households,
And the sweet rose of the Heart!

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

My friend was captain of one of the mail steamers plying between New Orleans and Mobile. He spent some days with me not long since, and among other adventures which had befallen him, he related to me the following:

I had been engaged on board the steamer something over a year, and was then serving in the capacity of mate. During the first few months I had been rather shy of New Orleans by gaslight. I had heard so many stories of robberies and murders, and of strangers being attacked from mere wantonness, that I preferred to keep myself as safe as possible. Sometimes I spent the night at a hotel, where the officers of various steamers had assembled for a social time; and sometimes I went to the theatre. At length, however, as I became acquainted with the city, the old timidity wore off, and I finally accompanied some of my brother officers to places where the more startling episodes of real life in the great city occurred. From the hotel we went to the theatre; and from the theatre we went to some of the most famous gambling-houses.

Suffer me, my friend, to inform you here that I am not a gamester. I have played a little, as I shall be obliged to confess; but the charm was broken, as you shall hear.

On the third or fourth visit to the gaming-house, one of my companions laughingly proposed that we should make a small venture at the Faro-table. With a smile upon my face I threw down a quarter-eagle. The banker asked me if I bet upon the queen. I told him yes. I was then admonished to put my money fairly upon the card. I pushed the piece further on, and the confusion I exhibited must have informed the bystanders that I was slightly verdant touching the rules, regulations, and mysteries of the Faro-bank. The banker began to slide off the cards, and presently he drew in the piece of gold which I had ventured, and threw down in its place an ivory cheque representing five dollars. I had won. I smiled at my luck, and when the cards were next shuffled, I placed my cheque back upon the queen. I won again; and again I smiled; for the thought that I was gambling did not enter my mind. It was sport—sport of a new and exciting kind. I bet upon the queen again, and again I won. Before the next play I calculated a little. It was not likely that the same card would win again; so I made my venture upon the ace. The queen lost, and the ace won. At the end of an hour I had won seventy-five or eighty dollars, and then I went with my companions to the hotel, where we spent another hour before repairing to our boats.

After this I frequently accompanied my friends to the gaming-houses; and I also made further ventures at the Faro-bank. A love of the excitement grew upon me before I was aware of it—grew upon me so strongly that more than once I ventured alone into a gaming-house not far from our hotel. One evening four of us officers were at the St. Charles, and after supper the question was started as to how we should dispose of the next few hours. Two were for the theatre, and two for the gaming-house. How should we decide? As neither party seemed willing to give up, it was finally arranged that we should go just as our inclinations led us. Two went to the theatre, and two started for the gaming-house. I was one of the latter. My companion was captain of an up-river boat, and before we set out he informed me that he must be on board by midnight, as he was to start early in the morning. This was all pleasant to me, as I had already made up my mind that I would be in my own state-room before the hour he had mentioned. So off we went, over towards the Third Municipality, nearly a mile and a half from our hotel, where we found the gaming-house we had planned to visit. We sat in the bar-room awhile, and smoked a cigar, and then went up into the hall. The company was large, and the playing seemed to be spirited. We lounged about, and observed the progress of the different games, and finally stopped at a Faro-table, where I made a venture, which was successful. I made another venture, and lost. Another—and won. Then I bought twenty dollars worth of cheques.

When I bought my cheques there were seven players beside myself at the table. Two of them were steamboat captains, and four of them were either merchants, or gentlemen of that stamp. They may have been gamblers by profession—regular blacklegs—but that doesn't matter. They appeared to be gentlemen, and certainly they behaved as such. The seventh man at the table was a study, and had there not been an over-balance of apparent gentility in the company, I should not have stopped where he was. He was evidently a boatman, and when I had heard him speak, I made up my mind that he was a Hoosier. He had come down from the Ohio with his flat-boat, had sold his cargo and his useless lumber, and was now on a bit of a "time." He was truly a tough-looking customer. He must have stood six feet and two or three inches high, with a frame like an ox. His shoulders were broad and heavy, his arms long and muscular, and his hands so large and hard that it was difficult for him to put down his cheques. Of his face but little was to be seen, the lower part of it being covered by a thick, long beard of a grizzly color, while the upper part was shaded by the slouching of the broad rim of an old felt hat. I could see his eyes, and they were keen and bright enough. They looked black when in the deepest shade, but when his head was turned so that the light struck upon the face, they seemed to have a metallic lustre, changing from steel to brass. Presently those eyes were turned upon me with a threatening look, the owner seeming to intimate that I had stared at him about long enough. At any rate I took it as a hint, and went on with my play.

My luck was changeful. I won, and then I lost. Then I won once more, and then I lost again. Finally I touched the knave with a dozen cheques, worth five dollars each, and won. The Hoosier had staked twelve cheques on the queen. He lost, and the banker pushed the pile on the queen over to me. I let the twenty-four cheques remain where they were, and the Hoosier put twenty-four upon the queen. At this point my companion came and told me that he must be going. I was too much excited with the play to leave the table then, and I told him not to wait for me. The queen lost—the knave won—and again the banker passed to me the cheques which the Hoosier had lost.

Once more my companion asked me if I would go with him. I told him I could not. He went away without me.

Forty-eight cheques were upon the knave, in four stacks.

"Stranger, do you go them yer—all?"

The Hoosier asked me this question, at the same time pointing to my cheques. I told him, yes. He bought more cheques, and placed a number equal to mine upon the queen.

"This yer keard must win some time," he muttered, as he straightened up his stacks of ivory, and then he added, glancing over at my pile, "an' that yer knave's got to lose afore he's much older."

The dealer began to throw off the cards again. The *knave* came first. It had won. The *queen* came next. The banker turned it upon his left hand—the bank won—the Hoosier lost. As before, the cheques which came from the queen were passed over to me.

I hesitated—but the spell was upon me, and I could not break it. I piled up the cheques—ninety-six of them—and ventured them upon the knave again. The Hoosier eyed me sharply, and then ventured a like amount upon the queen, at the same time muttering to himself that such kind of luck couldn't last always. Again the cards were slid off, and, to the astonishment of all who were watching the game, the knave and the queen came out very near together—the knave to the right, the queen to the left. I had won—the Hoosier had lost. The banker now took in my smaller cheques, and gave me in exchange some worth twenty dollars each. My last stake had been four hundred and eighty dollars, and my present pile was consequently nine hundred and sixty.

"Make it a thousand!" whispered the Hoosier.

"Done," I replied. And I added two cheques to my accumulated venture.

Again the banker began to throw off his cards, right and left. The *knave* came up first, to the *right*. I had won. The queen came up—to the left—lost! The Hoosier drove his hand into his bosom, and brought forth a pocket-book, from which he took a roll of bank-notes.

"Go yer two thousand!" he said, in a hoarse whisper. "I've got that much."

My first impulse, before he had spoken, had been to do that very thing, but now I hesitated. What had I to do with him? I was not playing with him—I was not betting against him. My play was simply against the banker, and his was the same. I told him as much.

"No, no," he said, eagerly. "It's agin luck we're playin'. Them yer two keards is in for it. The knave's yourn, an' the queen's mine. Go yer two thousand."

All that I had upon the table before me, save one solitary cheque of twenty dollars, I had won; so I had little real risk to run.

"It's done," I said; and down went two thousand dollars upon the knave.

The Hoosier placed his venture upon the queen—there were some cheques, and some bank-notes—in all two thousand dollars. His hand quivered a little as he pushed the pile forward; and then he turned to watch the movements of the banker.

The cards began to move off once more, and this time the table was surrounded by an eager crowd. There was something novel in the spectacle of two men playing against each other at Faro; and it struck me as being excessively novel, too. But it was no doing of mine. The Hoosier seemed to have a sort of superstitious faith that our chances were running together. However, I meant to make this one venture further, and then break the spell, let it be win or lose. Right and left—right and left. The *queen* came up first—to the *left!* Lost! The *knave* came up—to the *right!* I had won again! I gathered up my gains, and then looked for the Hoosier; but he had gone.

"Perhaps you'll try the knave again?" said the banker.

I told him no. I had played enough. I pushed over my cheques, and he gave me the cash for them—some gold, and some bank-notes—to the amount of nearly six thousand dollars. I went to the bar, and took a glass of wine, and then I started for my boat. The night was dark, and I had a long distance to walk. I looked at my watch as I came through the hall, and found it to be an hour past midnight. I began to think I had been a fool. But there I was, and I must make the best of my way to my boat. So I started forth, at a brisk walk, intending to strike the Levee near the Mint, and then follow the course of the river. I had gone half a mile or so, when I heard heavy footsteps behind me. I increased my rate of speed; but the following steps still came nearer. I hurried on, but to no effect. The echo behind me was not to be outwalked. I felt for my pistol, but I had none. I had not brought it with me. I had a dirk-knife, and that was all. By and by the steps sounded so near to me that I turned to see who it was that thus pursued me. At the distance of only a few yards came a tall, gaunt figure, which I at once recognized by the light of the street-lamp. As the dull glare fell upon the ox-like form I knew it was the Hoosier!

I would have started to run, but it was too late. He was upon me, and his hand was upon my arm. I would have shouted for help, but he might have killed me to stop my noise. I would have drawn my dirk-knife, but the show of opposition might only have called the giant's strength down upon me to crush me. My instinct told me to be passive and wait for the worst. We were in a lonesome spot, with not a light visible save the few street-lamps that sent their sickly rays struggling through the dingy glass; and if the fellow meant to rob me, or to kill me, I knew not how to help myself.

"Stranger," he said, his voice sounding frightfully low and hollow, "you played agin me to-night."

"No," I replied, trying to speak plainly—to speak calmly was out of the question—"I had nothing to do with you. I was playing against the bank."

"It's all the same," he continued. "Our luck run together, an' 'twas you agin me, an' me agin you. It don't make no odds now. I'm dead broke. I haint got a single pic. Hold on. D'ye see this?"

He reached his right hand up over his shoulder, and, from beneath his coat, he drew forth the largest, longest, brightest, and most savage looking bowie-knife I had ever seen. My knees smote together, and my heart leaped to my throat.

"You've got money," he went on, as he held the gleaming weapon in his hand. "You won it—won all. I lost—lost all. I'm dead broke—not a pic. I want enough to get home. I paid twenty dollars, in clar, yaller gold, for this yer tooth-pick. Give me fifteen on it, an' I'll go. Ef ye're a man ye won't refuse that."

Mercy! what a letting down was that! Instead of seeking my life, the poor fellow had followed me for the purpose of pawning his bowie-knife! He was acquainted with none of those whom he had seen in the gaming-house, and he had no friends in the city. I feared him no more. As I spoke with him now, I felt that he was a true-hearted man.

"If you get fifteen dollars you will go back to the gaming-table again," I said.

His answer was slow and sure:

"I've tried it twice, stranger, an' when I try it agin I'll let you know."

I told the man to come with me.

"Come to my boat," I said, "and you shall have the money."

He said, perhaps I'd let him stay on board all night.

Of course I would.

As we walked along, I made up my mind just what I would do; and when we reached the boat, I took him to my state-room, and handed him a chair. Said I:

"My friend, I have made a resolution since we have been walking together. I have resolved that I will gamble no more. While you and I played at the same table, you lost just thirty-nine hundred dollars."

"'Xactly," he replied.

"Well," I continued, "I am going to make up to you what you lost. I shall feel better to do so."

The Hoosier started in amazement.

"I do it as much for my sake as for your own," I went on, before he could make any answer; "and if I can feel assured that the event has cured both of us, I shall consider it as one of the most valuable experiences of my life."

The plain-hearted fellow seized my hand, and my offer was accepted; and when he told me that he would never play again, I believed him. He took the money, and all he could do in return was to make me accept his bowie-knife, and to promise me that he should always remember me with warmest emotions.

That was several years ago. I have not ventured a dollar at any game of hazard since, nor do I believe my Hoosier friend has done it either. I keep the long, heavy bowie-knife, and I never look upon it but I think how weak my knees were when my gaze rested for the first time upon its gleaming blade.

STRAWBERRY'S LEAP.

A STORY OF TEXAS.

"It's now scarcely twelve months ago," said Jack Coleman, as a party of us drew around our camp-fire, "that I was piloting a small party of Uncle Sam's men up to one of the new forts on the Upper Brazos—I believe they called it Fort Belknap, or some such name. The sojers was a precious set of greenhorns—new recruits I should think, half Dutch and half Irish—for you don't see many Americans among the regulars, besides the officers, only in times of war, and then if they miss a chance to volunteer they join the blue coats, just for the fun of the thing.

"Well, these sojer fellows was under the command of a white-skinned, girlish-looking young chap, fresh from West Point, who, till he had landed at Houston, had never so much as been on a prairie, or seen green grass and wild flowers grow. But young and green as he was, the lieutenant was a *gentleman*, and at heart as good a fellow as ever lived, and if he had half a chance, and a little experience, and the judgment it would have given him, I'm sure he'd made as thorough an officer, and as good a man as ever eat Uncle Sam's salt pork and white beans.

"The party was mounted on such nags as the quartermaster could purchase for them, in a hurry, at Houston, for though they were infantry, the journey before them was too long to be undertaken afoot over the grassy prairie.

"Scarcely any of the men had ever before thrown leg over hog-skin or horseflesh, but the lieutenant knew something about riding. I believe he said he had been learnt it, where he learnt sodgering, and after a few days could sit his saddle, and bear the fatigue as well as any old Texan.

"I'd been down to Houston about three weeks, and when the quartermaster engaged me to pilot the sojers, Strawberry had had the quiet range of the San Jacinto prairie all that time, and when we took the trail he was in prime order, sleek and fat as any wild mule.

"The more I got acquainted with the lieutenant, the better I liked him, for his good qualities were showing themselves more and more every day. But the fellows he had along with him were of no account; and I knew if the Camanches or Kioways should cross our trail, they couldn't be depended on, and I hoped we'd have no occasion to try their courage.

"Well, I reckon I've got out of the trail a little," resumed the guide, after a pause, during which he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and re-filled it; "so here's for a fresh start again.

"We journeyed with the Brazos on our left, and in a northwest direction, till, after about a week or so, we reached the head waters of the Leon river, and as we'd discovered no signs of Indians, I was glad to think we'd have no occasion to try the spunk of our greenhorns in a fight. The fact was, I had not the least desire to, but the young lieutenant was fast for a chance to lock horns with them, and it wasn't long before he was satisfied.

"We had reached the foot of the Black Hills, where the country is badly cut up with deep barrancas, crossing each other in every direction, and having had a hard day's travel, I proposed an early camp. While looking for a suitable spot, I discovered fresh horse tracks, and knew that a large party of Indians were in the vicinity Judging from the signs, there must have been at least two hundred of the redskins, and riding back, I informed the lieutenant of my discovery, and advised him to secrete his men as soon as possible, for as yet I was convinced our approach had not been detected.

"But as soon as the men heard the word Indians!' they set up such a hurra that you'd a thought them the bravest chaps in the world, and it was not long before I knew that the Indians had discovered us, for we could hear them calling to each other in the bottom of one of the deep gullies, and presently a score or two showed their heads above the edge of the bank, and letting fly a volley of arrows, dodged out of sight again.

"I was for getting out of the prairie as soon as possible, and reaching a spot among the rocks, at the commencement of the rising ground, where we could receive them at a better advantage, but the lieutenant was so greedy for a fight that he wouldn't listen to me a moment, and gave orders for his men to dismount, and form in regular sojer line, and await the attack.

"But scarcely had some of them obeyed the order than we heard a fierce yell, and the next moment the prairie was covered with a host of mounted Kioways, that came pouring up out of a barranca, and charged right down upon us. The sojers who had not obeyed the order, trusting more to their horses' heels than to their firelocks, put spurs to their broken down nags and attempted to escape. But they might as well have essayed to fly from the swift tornado, as to get beyond the reach of those wild riders. A part of the whooping savages made a dash for the cowardly fools, and soon had their scalps dangling from the points of their spears, while the rest, ranging past us with a headlong gallop, and lying over upon the farther side of their fiery little mustangs, sent a cloud of arrows whizzing into our ranks; and now taking my advice, the lieutenant ordered his fellows to remount, and in close order make an effort to gain the rocks. But two of the men were past mounting, and we had to leave them to the tender mercies of the savages, while we dashed ahead.

"We had about half a mile to go to get among the nearest rocks; but to do so, we had to run the gauntlet of the Indians, who kept up a hot discharge of their feathery darts, which made desperate work in our little ranks, for we now numbered scarcely more than a dozen men. But leaving two or three of them, where they tumbled from their horses, we spurred through the savages, who attempted to cut in ahead of us, and with our sabres and revolvers kept the track clear till we had reached the rocks.

"Having gained this spot, however, we found to our chagrin that our situation was but little improved; for the reckless and undisciplined men, in their eagerness to escape, had thrown away their muskets and ammunition, and were now, with the exception of their light and useless sabres, entirely unarmed. But the lieutenant and myself, besides our revolvers, had each a heavy, doubled-barrel deer gun, with which we poured into the yelling crowd rushing upon us handfull after handfull of buck shot. These did good execution; and after a few discharges, we could see that a good number of animals were riderless; and howling with rage the Indians fell back again upon the prairie, to prepare for a fresh assault.

"In the meantime our pack mules, conveying all our provisions and camp equipage, had fallen into the hands of the savages; and as there was no water near us we could not long have maintained our position had our men retained their muskets even; and the officer and myself took advantage of the withdrawal of the enemy to consult upon our future operations.

"I reckoned we were within about twenty miles or so of the fort, and proposed to the lieutenant that while he set his poor devils to work gathering up the loose rocks and making a barricade, I would leave him my shot gun and revolvers, and endeavor to dash through the Indians, and after reaching the post, return as rapidly as possible with a sufficient force to relieve him.

"As this seemed to be the only feasible plan, the lieutenant approved of it; and waiting only for the cover of the approaching night, I was prepared to make the desperate attempt. And as the sun went down, I tightened Strawberry's saddle girth, and during the short twilight, led him carefully, under cover of the scattered rocks and musquite bushes, to smooth ground, and after I had turned the projecting point of high rocks, mounted, and with an encouraging hint from my heel, gave him the rein.

"But cautious as I had been, the wily Indians had been watching all my motions, and scarcely had I emerged upon level ground, than filling the air with derisive yells, a score or two of the painted rascals, mounted on their fleetest mustangs, gave chase after me, while I could perceive others, who had been stationed along my route—as if they had anticipated my intentions—ready to fall upon me.

"Yet I knew gallant little Strawberry could outrun any Indian nag I ever had a trial with, and without pushing him overhard, I flew over the prairie. The Indians on each flank of me continued to rise apparently from out the earth, and while they sent their arrows whizzing over me, seemed not over anxious to close upon me; but the two lines converging gradually upon me, forced me to pursue a direct course.

"Scarcely had the brief twilight ended than the rounded disc of the full moon peered over the crest of the hills, and streamed a silver flood of light over the wild scene; and desperate as was my situation then, entirely unarmed, and surrounded by savage enemies, as I was, I could scarcely refrain from drawing rein, and gazing with admiration upon it.

"But presently I had other objects to contemplate, for in the light of the rising orb, I could perceive that I was approaching one of those deep, almost bottomless barrancas, cut into the bowels of the earth, by the attrition for centuries, of the autumnal floods, poured from the adjacent hills; while the Indians, yelling exultantly, and filling the air with their deadly missiles, gathered closer and closer upon me.

"I was fairly entrapped! And it was only optional with me what manner of death to choose, for death appeared inevitable! Should I draw rein, and turning upon my pursuers, fall beneath their lances, or sink my rowels into the flanks of my fearless little charger, and seek it with him in the yawning chasm below?

"I had but a breath to decide, and as I would at least thus save my scalp from my hated pursuers, I resolved to brave the latter; and with a hastily uttered prayer to Heaven—a last farewell glance at the fair moon, I turned an instant in my saddle, and hurling back a fierce cry upon my enemies, closed my eyes, and clenched my teeth for the awful leap into the dark abyss!

"Without swerving an inch, or evincing the least fear, the noble animal dashed on. I felt the yielding air rush with lightning speed past me—my breath was taken from me, and then, quicker than the flight of thought, I felt his forefeet strike upon the solid earth—then an instant struggle with his hind feet, as if the ground was crumbling beneath them—and then, on opening my eyes—Heaven be praised!—I saw that we were on the firm, level ground of the prairie, with the frightful ravine between us and our baffled and astonished pursuers.

"We were safe! for not even the bravest of the Indians dared to make the desperate leap; and as the barranca, doubtless, extended for miles into the prairie, further pursuit was out of the question.

"In less than two hours I reached Fort Belknap, and before the light of the next morning broke over the green expanse, and flooded the hills, a party of troopers had followed me to the spot where I had left the brave, young officer, and the remnant of his men.

"But we had arrived too late. The spot was silent, and the ground so recently occupied by the Kioways was vacant, while among stones of the demolished barricade, were found only the scalpless and mangled remains of my late companions. The lieutenant's scanty ammunition must soon have been exhausted, when he and his men fell victims to the merciless savages.

"That little Strawberry," concluded the guide, as he threw aside his extinguished pipe, and proceeded to move the animal to a fresh grazing spot, "is worth his weight in gold, and I reckon if any beast ever deserved kind treatment at his master's hands, it's him."

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EVERY man is happy, no matter what his circumstances, who is contented. Happiness does not depend so much on the art of getting much as the art of being contented with what we have.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

THE talent of success is simply doing what you can do well; and doing well whatever you do—without a thought of fame. Fame never comes because it is craved.

DON'T always be troubling yourself about the effect of what you do and say—shouting to hear the echo of your own voice.

IT is better that one's armor should be somewhat bruised by rude encounters than hang forever rusting on the wall.

A MAN that everybody knows to be a liar may perhaps be excused for lying. It seems to do him a vast deal of good, and nobody any harm.

IF a great fool is breaking your windows by pelting them with guineas, you are a greater one if you sally forth to cudgel him.

A HELPING hand is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.

IF the body is, as an old author calls it, the bridegroom of the soul, many a good-looking body is worse married than Socrates was.

IN the first garden, woman and the devil were two distinct agencies. In some modern gardens they are combined in one.

LITTLE sincerity is to be expected between belligerents. Even their cannon-ball arguments are all *irony*.

MANY minds are Mammoth caves, all underground, and unlighted but by the torches of selfishness and passion.

ALL the months of the year come with errands and gifts to the farmer; there is not a Judas among the twelve.

A MAN chased by wolves thinks that it isn't pleasant to travel with a pack at one's back.

A FIELD officer usually puts young men upon his staff. Nature selects old men for staff-service.

THE head learns new things, but the heart forevermore practises old experiences.

HE who is ingenious in contriving artificial appetites, generally proves an ingenious self-tormentor.

THE freedom of a people is in less danger of being suddenly devoured than of being nibled away.

NEVER associate with a person that doesn't pay his debts. If a fellow won't pay, his company won't.

THE physically blind are thankful for guidance; the mentally blind resent it as an insult.

LITTLE lambs, little birds, little kittens, little children, are beautiful. Little souls are not.

IF you would know a man mark his gait; most men step to the tune of their thoughts.

STRIVE to make everybody happy, and you will make at least one so—yourself.

THE world doesn't know a fool's infirmities half so well as a wise man knows his own.

THE gates of heaven are low-arched; we must enter upon our knees.

PRAISE is the hand-maid of virtue, but the maid is much oftener wooed than the mistress.

PROSPERITY, like a comet, threatens while it shines.

THE snake's poison is in his teeth; the slanderer's in his tongue.

HONEST mirth lengthens life; death is often laughed out of his fell intentions.

IT is almost as easy to be contemptuous as contemptible. He who is the first is both.

INFIDELS are generally credulous. They believe everything but the Word of God.

THE mind, like the eye, sees all things rather than itself.

RELATIONS always take the greatest liberties, and frequently give the least assistance.

A MAN may go *over* the world and *round* the world without ever being *in* the world.

MOST married men must think the devil is slow of foot, they so often catch him.

THE child of a very wealthy man may be considered a million-heir.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A YOUNG mother, living in a fashionable quarter up town, whose child was almost worshipped by her, could not be prevailed upon to leave it with a servant; but her mother, a vain and fashionable woman, at last argued her out of what she called a "low-bred devotion to the nursery," and the consequence was, that the first night the child was left with the nursery maid, the stupid creature lay upon and smothered it. When the bereft mother learned what a terrible calamity had befallen her, she fell senseless to the floor, and when she was restored to consciousness, it was found that she had become a paralytic.

A MACHINIST who had been put out of a dancing saloon of low repute in Water street, got together a number of his stalwart fellow-workmen one evening lately, and went with them to the saloon for the purpose of taking his revenge. But on arriving they found a large company of the frequenters of the place who sided with the keeper, and the result was a savage fight, during which decanters, furniture and heads were promiscuously smashed. The machinists got the better of their opponents, and after wreaking a hearty vengeance, they went off satisfied.

A PARTY of villainous boys, who have long been a pest in South Brooklyn, recently attempted to punish one of their number who had given offence to his comrades, and having sentenced him to death, they got him into a boat, and moving out into the bay, attempted to drown him, but he fought so vigorously that the boat was upset, whereby the community was nearly rid of the whole gang, but a party in another boat picked them up and set them ashore.

A PARTY of hunters from this city, fired with unusual ambition and enterprise, went up into the northern part of Maine to hunt the moose; after much toil they came upon a huge bull of that species, fired upon and wounded him, whereupon he gave a tremendous bellow, and charged full at the party. They scattered in every direction, and in the course of the day all met once more at their camp, whence they came by the shortest route to New York.

A COUPLE of sailors, while at work upon the rigging of their vessel, some twenty feet above the deck, got into a quarrel, which soon ripened into a fight, and pitching into each other most savagely, they would doubtless have done one another serious damage had not the law of gravitation taken them in charge and brought them separately to the deck with an emphasis which utterly extinguished their hostile feelings.

A COUPLE of children—a boy of six and a girl of eight—were playing recently with a toy cooking-stove that had been given to the latter, and as they were attempting to kindle a fire in the stove, the little girl's dress caught and was instantly in flames. They both screamed for help, but before it could be rendered the poor little creature was so badly burnt that she died in a few hours.

As a family of four children—the youngest three and the eldest nine years of age—were taking a bath together one evening lately, and playing frolicksomely, the littlest one, who was a lovely girl, stumbled, and sinking under the water, choked and strangled so violently that she burst a blood-vessel, and bled to death before the bleeding could be assuaged.

THREE blacksmiths, who were out on a spree one evening not long since, attempted to put their hammering skill into operation upon a policeman who ordered them to "stop making such a noise in the street," but the officer, with his locust, beat them at their vocation, soon brought them to terms and the Station House, and had them locked up.

A COUPLE of boys, respectively aged nine and eleven years, dressed in Zouave costume, and armed with tin swords, got into a fight near Fort Green, Brooklyn, one day recently, and the younger of them sticking his sword in the left eye of his opponent, injured it so badly that it was thought the sight would be forever extinguished.

THE confidential book-keeper of an importing house down town suddenly disappeared a short time since, much to the surprise of his employers and the alarm of his family. After considerable inquiry, the causes of his disappearance were found to be a female acquaintance and a defalcation.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THOUGHTS ON MUSIC FOR YOUNG LADIES.

As many thousands of our feminine readers play on the piano and sing more or less, perhaps some random words on the ART and SCIENCE of MUSIC may not be amiss in our columns. The first thing to a comprehension of music, so that it be rendered with expression in singing or playing, is to define its meaning. Vocal music, to be good for anything, should be an artistic hightening of the tones and inflections of the human voice in the expression of passion and emotion. Passion differs from emotion in its lasting effects. Love, young ladies consider lasting, and is a passion; grief, with them, is generally transient, and is an emotion. Spoken words indicate this passion and emotion: musical declamation, or song, intensifies the expression by the purity and prolongation of the sound. The sweetest speaking voice is prosaic alongside of the gorgeous singing voice when absolute purity of organ is allied to style. A primary step to song is to learn to intonate well—that is, to sing in tune. To do so, the instrument which accompanies the voice should always be in good tune. The next thing is to pronounce the words distinctly. This can be done by taking great care in analyzing syllables in their pronunciation. As a general rule, singers might as well be uttering Chinese, or Choctaw, for any words that can be heard. Sing from the chest, and not from the top of the throat. As regards expression—let the sentiment indicate the style. In general, amateur singers give love, hate, enthusiasm, despair, all in the same manner, with the same inflections and force. Avoid, above all, the national vice—the nasal sound, which is vulgar and disgusting. Singing should be commenced in childhood, before the piano be studied. By this means the pupil learns to read music at sight—to estimate the value of a piece of simple vocal music at least without resorting to the piano to try what it sounds like. Expression is not to be looked for in these childish essays, but simply accuracy in determining the pitch and duration of notes, and the habit of pronouncing each syllable well. This much gained, and the way to piano playing is smoothed.

Now, as to piano performance. It seems to us that, as a rule, young ladies, when not taught by superior masters, butcher their musical offerings to Apollo by putting their pretty feet on the pedal. A pedal touched raises the hammer from the strings, and allows the vibration, stopped so soon as the hammer is down, to proceed. The result is, the sounds of one chord run into those of another, and dismal dissonance ensues. Each note on a piano, like each of the human voice, should be distinct. Nature does not allow us to lift a pedal inside the throat, and make such cacophony. The loud pedal of a piano is simply to prolong a note or chord, because the piano does not admit, at the best, even with the pedal, the enduring notes of which the voice or violin is susceptible. When the pedal is used, it should only be raised while a particular chord lasts; as soon as a different chord is taken, it should be dropped, and lifted again, and this only when extreme loudness is required.

In literature, this ordinary abuse of the pedal in piano-playing would be paralleled by presenting a certain document thus: Wheninthecourseofhumaneventsitbecomesnecessary, &c., all the words run into one. Every good composition for the piano is made up of main ideas, or motives, as they are called; the merit of these ideas is their supposed singing or human quality, and all musical instruments have indeed their value in their resemblance to the qualities of the human voice. In playing these ideas the young lady should endeavor to give the expression of the voice; to shade the notes, lighter and heavier touches being afforded, and to present interesting effects by insisting on the importance of climacteric notes, which generally come before the close of phrases. In accompanying the voice, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, young ladies play the chords too loud; the first note of a measure should be accented more or less, and the remaining notes of the chord, which simply give the beats, or keep up the activity of the movement, and fill the pauses due the singer and the language, should be afforded less loud, or positively soft.

WIFE MARKETS.

In England, within the last twenty years, laboring men have been known to take their wives to market, with halters round their necks, and to sell them for prices varying from five shillings sterling to sixpence and a quart of beer, believing, in their ignorance, that the sales were legal. And, in fact, a law (of one of the Edwards, we believe) authorizing Englishmen so to dispose of their better halves, did exist on the statute book of the kingdom up to a later period than might be supposed. St. Petersburgh, at the present day, has its annual wife show, to which damsels resort, accompanied by their mothers, for the purpose of dickering themselves off to bachelors and widowers in want of partners for life. The Russian women, however, are not put up for sale. On the contrary, they offer themselves as candidates for matrimony, decked in all the jewelry they can muster, and if they chance to possess any "portable property," in the shape of silver spoons, or the like, they carry the same in their hands by way of reinforcing their natural charms with "metal more attractive." Should some proper youth take a fancy to a maiden at the wife show, she is only too glad to throw these trifles in with her heart and person—so that the matrimonial bargain, if consummated, is not a *sell* on her side, whatever it may be on his. In Paris the nuptial brokers arrange hundreds of marriages every year, and even in this country, more people than the uninitiated have any idea of, are spliced through the agency of advertisements.

All this is very improper, unsentimental, and, "not to put too fine a point upon it," revolting; but, after all, is not the same kind of thing done, in a different way, in what is called "good society?" Are not blooming girls, in "the higher walks of life," bought up by scores every season—the consideration given being carriages, diamonds, brown stone fronts, and pin money? Are not youth and beauty sold every day to age and ugliness for such commodities, and the hope of a rich jointure, wherewith to endow a more desirable husband in the good time coming? Cannot the "lean and slippered pantaloon," with well-lined pockets, go at any time into the fashionable wife mart, and select from the best the market affords? And *vice versa*, cannot antiquated virgin, or dilapidated widow, with plenty of the auriferous at command, buy a handsome young fellow with a black moustache on his lip, and some poor jilted girl's image in his heart, whenever she pleases? Of course they can. "Such things are common," as our old friend Shakspeare says; and being common, why should we fall foul of brutes who sell their spouses for a crown, or vulgarians who pick up helpmeets in the bazaar, or at the marriage factor's, or by advertisement, unless we include in our censure the sharper and keener traffickers of the fashionable wife markets?

"Hands, not hearts, is our *new* heraldry," says Richelieu in the play. It might have been new in Richelieu's time, but it is an old song now.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The Emperor of the French is unquestionably a usurper, yet it is evident that he loves his country and has her substantial welfare no less than her glory at heart. Almost at the commencement of his imperial career he proclaimed himself the "Napoleon of Peace," and although he has been engaged in two wars, both grew out of circumstances unconnected with any schemes of personal ambition on his part, and one of them he waged to secure the independence of an oppressed people. With military talents of the highest order, with warlike resources that improperly employed would render him the scourge of Europe, we find this chief of a fighting people earnestly addressing himself to the work of social reform, and assiduously cultivating and encouraging the noblest arts of peace. Let us own then that so far from being the monster of duplicity and tyranny that Red Republicanism has painted him—a Talleyrand in fraud and a Marat in cruelty—he is the most liberal and patriotic, as well as the most long-headed of living despots. It matters little to mankind whether his moderation and reformatory policy are the results of calculation or of impulse; it is enough that they have produced and are producing beneficent fruits. It is *some* atonement for the unjust attainment of power, that it is used wisely.

Manufactures and every branch of the mechanic arts receive encouragement and material aid from the imperial goverment, and we see that the Emperor is doing his utmost to improve French Agriculture, which is at least fifty years behind our own. He has purchased tracts of land in the various departments, and converted them into model farms, where the best American and English implements and methods of cultivation are in use, and to which access is free to all who apply for cards of admission.

Some of our newspapers insist that this man of forecast and friend of rational reform—this monarch who says, and has proved, that he "understands his age" and governs his policy by its spirit—intends to interfere in our domestic difficulties. Not he—he is too prudent, too sagacious. His neighbor across the Channel would like to play that game if it were a safe one. But she knows it is not, and like the cat in the adage, she will "let I *dare* not, wait upon I would."

THE NEW TAXES.

The levying of direct taxes by the federal government is a new thing to all Americans who are not old enough to remember the war of 1812. We whipped Mexico without finding it necessary to resort to direct taxation, but it will be cheerfully submitted to in the present emergency. An income tax being a novelty to all of us "to the manner born," the sections of the new act which impose it, and direct the method of its assessment, are subjects of general discussion. These portions of the law, clear as they seem to be, are not universally understood. Some people suppose that all incomes of $800 and over are taxed three per cent. on the entire amount; whereas incomes under $800 are exempt, and those above that sum are taxed only on the *excess*. Thus a clerk receiving a thousand dollars per annum, will pay six dollars a year to the government, or three per cent. on two hundred dollars, and not thirty dollars, or three per cent. on his whole salary. The burden will not be a heavy one. Let gentlemen with comfortable salaries curtail their segars and cavendish, if they smoke and chew, or their drinks if they tipple, and they will not only be no *worse*, but all the *better* for the tax. Those who have no such small vices, being free from the nervous irritation they occasion, will never think of grumbling, but receive the tax-collector with a smile.

The heavy tariff on liquors and wines is the right sort of pressure in the right place; but the sum derivable from the fifteen cents per pound on tea and the four cents per pound on coffee, might have been raised, we think, more justly from some other source.

FLIRTATION WALK.

West Point is not exclusively military and bellicose. Cupid has some real estate there as well as Mars. Round about the acclivity dedicated to the War God, and occupied by his young braves, winds a lover's lane known, in the vulgate, as "Flirtation Walk." There Valor walks with Beauty, under embowering trees, a willing captive, led perhaps, in some instances, by the nose. The pathway is somewhat labyrinthine, and it is rather an up-hill business, we are told, to get out of it when you are once fairly involved in its mazes. Doubtless many an adolescent hero has found it so. We don't regard flirtation walks with any particular favor. They generally lead nowhere, and very seldom to the church door. Flirting is a miserable business, ending, usually, in superannuated celibacy. Ladies who follow it professionally, in most cases, find themselves at a certain age tête-à-tête with a parrot, or a cat, or a lap dog. How many flirts of twenty years ago, regret to-day that they indulged in such an "intolerable quantity of *sack*," instead of tying one of the many strings to their bow, into a hymeneal favor. Young ladies, avoid flirtation walks. Trifle with no man's heart; and don't permit your own to be trifled with, for there be *male* flirts as well as female flirts, and the former are a class of despicables whom it would be base flattery to call men.

ALL human virtues increase and strengthen by the practice and experience of them.

THE ABDICATION OF CHARLES V.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

The emperor Charles V., after a career of unexampled prosperity, and the attainment of power which the Cæsars might have envied, found the tide of fortune setting against him. His life had ever been an incessant storm, and the surges of battle had, almost without intermission, swept his vast empire. In the month of May, 1552, the emperor was in his sick chamber at Innspruck, his limbs bandaged, suffering from a severe attack of the gout, when he received the appalling tidings that France and all Protestant Germany had combined against him, and, with armies raised as by magic, were on the march for his overthrow. The imperial treasury was exhausted, and the imperial armies, having suffered many disasters, were widely dispersed. Maurice, the Elector of Saxony, who was at the head of the Protestant forces, entered the Tyrol, and swept resistlessly through its valleys and defiles, his bugles ever sounding the charge, never signalling a retreat.

The emperor was reduced to the terrible humiliation of accepting capture or flight. The foe, in numbers which the emperor had no means of resisting, had already arrived within two days' march of Innspruck; and it was obvious that, at any hour, a squadron of horse might appear and cut off his retreat. As, sleepless and tortured with pain, he was pillowed in his chair at midnight, this intelligence was communicated to him. The inflammation of the gout would not allow him to mount on horseback, neither could he possibly bear the joltings of a carriage through the rough and rocky mountain defiles. It was the night of the 20th of May, and a fierce storm of wind and rain swept the bleak cliffs of the Tyrol.

The attendants of the emperor wrapped him in blankets, took him to the court-yard of the palace, and placed him upon a hastily-constructed litter, and thus through the flooded paths of the mountains, the proudest and most powerful monarch of Europe, suffering equal anguish of body and of mind, was hurried along through the tempestuous night, drenched with the rain, chilled with the gale, and not venturing to stop a moment, lest there should be heard behind the clattering hoofs of the pursuers. The flight was continued, with scarce a moment's intermission, until Charles had reached the strong town of Villach, in Corinthia, nearly one hundred and fifty miles west of Innspruck.

The foe soon entered the city which the emperor had abandoned, and the imperial palace was surrendered to pillage. Calamity followed calamity in rapid succession, until the emperor was compelled to assent to the humiliating treaty of Pussau, on the 2d of August, 1552. Three more years of incessant trouble and disaster passed away. The imperial armies were everywhere routed. The Turks menaced his possessions in Italy. The Pope became his foe, and joined France against him. Thus surrounded by adversity, the emperor was plunged into the extreme of dejection. He was, at the same time, in his sick chamber suffering severely from the gout. His son also was endeavoring to foment rebellion, that he might take his seat upon the throne from which he wished to drive his father. It is also probable that the emperor was suffering from the insipient stages of insanity, which appears to have been hereditary in the family, his mother being then in the wards of a mad-house.

For a period of nine months the emperor had shut himself up in his room, indulging in the most gloomy and fretful temper, not even signing a paper, and refusing to admit any to his presence but his sister and a few confidential attendants. Charles V. was then in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and should have been in the strength of vigorous manhood. But he was prematurely old, worn down with care, disappointment and toil. Thus oppressed, he resolved to abdicate the throne in favor of his unnatural son. A solemn assembly of the States was convened. Tottering beneath his infirmities, and leaning upon the arm of a friend, the emperor addressed the assembly in a long and somewhat boastful speech, in which he enumerated, with particularity, most of the adventures of his stormy life.

"While my health," said he, "enabled me to perform my duty, I cheerfully bore the burden. But as my constitution is now broken by an incurable distemper, and my infirmities admonish me to retire, the happiness of my people affects me more than the ambition of reigning. Instead of a decrepit old man, tottering on the brink of the grave, I transfer your allegiance to a sovereign in the prime of life."

"To you, my son," said he, "I leave a heavy burden; for since my shoulders have borne it, I have not passed one day exempt from disquietude."

Indeed it would seem that there could have been but little happiness for anybody in those dark days of war. Oppressive lords crushed the masses, and war swept Europe with fire and blood. A constant wail of misery rose from the struggling nations. The emperor, having finished his speech, sank exhausted with emotion into his chair. The affecting scene moved all who were present to tears.

Even in the plenitude of his power Charles V. had always been oppressed with a melancholy or pensive spirit. One day, while traveling in Spain, he came upon the solitary convent of St. Justus, in the wilds of Estremadura. The massive pile was buried in the midst of craggy hills. Silent forests swept around, and a mountain torrent, calmed down into a beautiful rivulet, murmured by its walls. The emperor gazed with admiration upon the romantic scene, and exclaimed, "Behold a lovely retreat for another Dioclitian."

The picture of the peaceful convent of St. Justus had ever remained in his mind, and he now resolved to seek its retirement, and to spend there the remainder of his days. Embarking in a ship from the Netherlands he landed at Loredo, in Spain, on the 28th of September, 1556. As soon as his feet touched the soil of his native land, from which he had long been absent, he prostrated himself to the earth, and kissing the ground, said:

"Naked came I into the world, and naked I return to thee, thou common mother of mankind. To thee I dedicate my body as the only return I can make for all the benefits conferred upon me."

Then rising upon his knees and kissing the crucifix which he held in his hand, he commended himself, in fervent prayer, to God, with a voice trembling with emotion and eyes flooded with tears. By slow and easy stages the abdicated monarch was conveyed to the vale of Estremadura, where he entered upon his silent, monastic life.

His apartments consisted of six small stone cells, whitewashed and furnished with the utmost frugality. There was a small garden within the walls of the convent, where the emperor, in pleasant weather, amused himself in the cultivation of flowers. Twice every day he attended worship in the chapel, and with his brother monks engaged very earnestly in the performance of the ritual service.

Charles V., though a man of great energy of character, had not a cultivated mind. He had no taste for literary pursuits, and had no intellectual resources upon which to rely for beguilement of the weary hours. He consequently was compelled to have recourse to mechanical employment to help along lingering time. Thus he who had been the successor of the Cæsars, upon the throne of Europe, as almost the monarch of the world, sat hour after hour in his cell, with jack-knife and pine stick in his hand, whittling out toys for children. He became very expert with his knife, and was much gratified with the admiration which his ingenuity elicited from the lips of the monks.

For a short time the emperor found this repose and the entire freedom from the cares of life quite delightful. But soon the novelty wore away, and his spirits again became as restive as when upon the throne. His constitutional dejection returned, with accumulated power, assuming the form of religious anxiety and remorse, and he endeavored to appease the pangs of conscience with the most terrible austerities. Every moment was devoted to devotional reading and prayer. He deemed all amusements, all recreation or rest sinful. Terribly did he mortify the flesh with fastings, penances and flagellations, self-inflicted, which lacerated his shoulders till the blood flowed freely. His whole soul seemed to crave suffering, and much ingenuity was exercised in devising strange methods of mortification. A new ambition became the ruling passion of his heart. He who had been one of the most illustrious monarchs who had ever sat upon a throne, now wished to be the most renowned penitent who had ever pined and suffered in the cloister.

Impelled by this passion he, at last, devised the expedient of solemnizing his own funeral. All the melancholy arrangements for his burial he superintended in their minutest details. The coffin was prepared; the shroud was made; the emperor, with his own hands, dressed himself in his winding-sheet, and straightened his emaciated limbs in the coffin, folding his hands in silence upon his breast, that he might be borne to his burial.

There is, at this point, a slight discrepancy in the accounts which have descended to us. Some represent that the emperor rose again, and walked in his shroud at the head of his coffin. Others convey the impression that he was borne, by the bearers, as a lifeless body to the tomb. The monks and all the officials of the convent attended the funeral in procession, and clad in mourning. The bells were tolled; requiems were chaunted by the choir; the funeral service was read; and then the emperor, in his coffin, was placed in the tomb of the chapel, as if in final burial, and the procession retired.

It was midnight. Not even a taper lighted the gloomy vault where the bodies of the dead were moldering. The monarch, after remaining for some time in his coffin, to impress himself with the sense of what it is to die and to be buried, rose from his tomb, and groping his way, in his grave-clothes, into the chapel, where a taper was left dimly burning, kneeled before the altar in importunate and long-continued prayer. He then retired to his cell, and passed the remainder of the night in exercises of penance and devotion.

But the chill of the tomb and of the chapel, and the mental excitement created by the solemn scene, were too much for the feeble frame and weakened, half-delirious mind of the king. He was seized with a fever, and in a few days breathed his last; and, from the brief repose of the convent, after the stormy scenes of one of the most tumultuous lives a mortal ever led, his spirit ascended to the judgment-seat of Christ. His life was joyless, for during his long career of ambition, intrigue and power, he was rarely known to smile. We may be permitted to hope that true penitence so blended itself with the remorse and superstition of his dying hours, that God forgave his sins, and angels ore him to the realms of pardon and peace.

ELECTING OFFICERS.

The plan of allowing the men of volunteer regiments to choose their own officers was once a good one. A party of frontier farmers, called out suddenly to repel an Indian invasion, could be safely trusted to choose their leader, because every man's character and skill were known to all the rest, and no one had any particular wish to lead. The object of all was to destroy the enemy as quickly as possible, and to return to their homes. In such circumstances, the right man was almost sure to be elected. But times and circumstances have so changed, that the man most likely to be elected to office in a volunteer regiment is nearly certain to be the wrong man. The men composing the regiment, knowing little of one another, and less of military duties, generally give their votes to those who have the most social influence, or the most popular manners, or the most money. In some cases, we are assured, persons have obtained high military rank solely by being willing, at all times, to "treat" the privates who were to vote for their officers. It is, therefore, high time that some check should be put upon the old system. The efficiency of the regiment depends absolutely upon the quality of its officers. If they are right, the men cannot long be wrong. If they are wrong the best men can do nothing. These truths having been clearly demonstrated by recent events, we presume no regiment will be dissatisfied if some of its elected officers should be unable to pass the "board."

ON TRIAL.

This nation is on trial for its life. Ten years ago, when an English author ridiculed our boasting, and said that it was not yet a settled question whether the United States was entitled to any place at all among the nations of the earth, we all resented the remark. But it turns out to have been not so far from the truth as we then imagined. But the question is now up for settlement. It is now to be demonstrated either that we are a nation, or that we have been cherishing a delusion. We are on trial in every way. Our manhood is on trial. Liberty is on trial. Constitutional government is on trial. Republican institutions are on trial. Civilization is on trial.

After so many years of inflation and prosperity, we are suddenly confronted with a vast and stern reality, against which speechifying can avail nothing. It cannot be argued down, or coaxed down, or frightened down; we have got to grapple with it, try our utmost strength upon it, throttle it, or be destroyed by it.

A HINT TO PARENTS.

Many persons reply, when told never to punish a child in anger, "Then we should never punish them at all, if we did not do it while we are angry." Very well, be it so; a blow *struck in anger* has made more inmates of State-prisons than almost anything else. How many boyish wanderers from the parental roof can trace their ultimate ruin from it? How many women, who have lost all semblance of womanhood, can date their first downward steps from this cruel, maddening, discouraged moment? Oh, never strike your child in anger! The bitter resentment and heart-burnings which it causes is the seed of that deadly night-shade—*despair!* A little patience, (and how much your Heavenly Father has had with you!)—a little love, (and how freely have you received it from Him,) and your child's waywardnesses will disappear one by one, and your old age be blessed, instead of remorseful. Think of it!

PAPER APPAREL.

"It tears like *paper*" was once about the hardest thing one could say of any fabric intended for clothing purposes. But the article is looking up. Across the water (judging from editorials and advertisements in some of the foreign journals) there is quite a *furore* for paper millinery, haberdashery and drapery. From a pulp of beggarly rags are evolved, by the magic hand of Art, the most beautiful and delectable dry goods. It is a mechanical parody on the production of butterflies from grubs. Paper cravats and scarfs, "in every color and pattern," paper bands for clergymen, paper shirt fronts and waistcoats, *water-proof* paper hats, paper bonnets of the latest fashion, trimmed with paper ribbons, flowers and lace, paper chemisettes, "paper pantaloons, &c.," (the *et cetera* probably meaning paper drawers and shirts,) are announced with the usual advertisemental flourish in the London dailies and weeklies. Of course the mania for flimsy fabrics will extend to this country. Paper has already come home to our business: it will soon come home to our bosoms. The embargo on cotton is of no consequence. Our wives and daughters will be transformed into pyramidal rolls of papyrus, our tailoring will be done at the paper mills, and as for head coverings—fools-cap's your only wear. And only think of it—paper is made waterpoof! Why, we shall have our awnings and tents manufactured of it, and our houses shingled with it, to the utter ruin and discomfiture of the men who advertise the impervious cements. Nay, we should not wonder—so surprising are the triumphs of modern science over the elements—if it were converted into umbrellas, and even fashioned into Croton water pipes.

Don't suppose this is badinage, for we learn from a foreign "first rate notice," that samples of paper have been imported from Japan "of such prodigious strength that the material might be manufactured into ropes." The editor adds, unconscious of his pun, that it is "excellent for hangings." The Japs, however, are considerably ahead of all Christian peoples, in the paper drapery and clothing line, and their prices are remarkably reasonable. At Jeddo a serviceable paper overcoat can be bought for twenty-five cents.

Perhaps paper may supersede calico, who knows? What a damper that would be on the "creamy bolls" of the south and the Whitney gin trade. Possibly the paper kerseys, which the "London Journal" says "so much resemble stuffs of wool and silk as to be often taken for them," would be good material for soldiers' uniforms. They *must* be better for the purpose than the *shoddy* cloths made up into buttonless army suits with rotten thread, by some of our *patriotic* wholesale tailors.

THE POTATO.

Forty years ago William Cobbett prophesied that this popular vegetable would degenerate and come to naught, and though his prediction has not been utterly fulfilled, the root has so far deteriorated as to occasion some apprehension that it may ultimately become valueless as an article of food for human beings. Every now and then "infallible remedies" for the potato rot appear in print; but the best of them fall short of their object. The disease continues, and destroys or injures hundreds of thousands of bushels annually. Nevertheless as the true cure may yet be discovered, it is as well to chronicle such suggestions on the subject, as come from intelligent sources.

A farmer of Worcester county, Massachusetts, who is of opinion that the disease begins on the vine, says, speaking of his last year's crop:

> "They were planted the first week in May last year. August 18, I put my feet on each side of the hill, and pulled the tops off. Pressing the soil down, the tops were thrown upon the hills, and not a rotten one was found in the 24 bushels gathered."

Another successful agriculturist, who considers the rot of atmospheric origin, says his method is this:

> "Shortly after the second hoeing, sow upon the vines a dressing of unleached ashes, using from two and a half to three bushels per acre. Repeat the application once in six weeks until the crop is matured."

The "Mark Lane (London) Express" gives the experiences of an English cultivator, who thinks like the Massachusetts farmer quoted above, that the disorder is in the vine. The Englishman's plan is to bend down the haulms or vines early in July, and cover them with earth, so as to prevent the rain from descending upon them, carrying the infecting principle with it.

The weight of testimony seems to be in favor of the theory that the cause of the rot is in the air, and that it is communicated to the tubes through the leaves and stems of the plant. The foregoing methods of cure may or may not be worthless. It is easy to try them on a small scale.

COTEMPORARY SOCIAL HISTORY.

The history of which our own lives form a part is of more practical value than all the records of the past. It is full of living examples and illustrations of great moral truths, that appeal directly to our senses and understandings, and which we cannot disregard without placing in jeopardy health, happiness, reputation, whatever renders life desirable.

On his way home from one of those midnight carousals, conventionally called "convivial parties," the "whole-souled young fellow" whose songs and jokes have "set the table in a roar," is pretty sure to stumble against some purple-visaged sot in rags, thrown in his way by Providence, perhaps, to teach him that to "this complexion he must come at last," if he continues to turn night into day, and surrender to alcohol the brain that God gave him to get a living with. He cannot safely slight the lesson. It belongs to the *tableaux vivants* of cotemporary history. It is the prefigurement, it may be, of the "finis" of his own career—unless, profiting by the suggestive example, he resolves to abandon the track that leads to so sad a terminus.

Everywhere—in the public streets, in commercial and business circles, in private society—the thoughtful man is schooled. The different practical results of "leaving undone those things which we ought to have done," and "of doing those things which we ought not to have done," are continually before us for our guidance. The book of cotemporary social history lies open for our perusal. We can read it as we run—for it is in plain characters—and profit by its philosophy. It is more true of this kind of history than of any other, that it "is philosophy teaching by example."

THE FALSE BALANCE.

Alas! what narrow creatures we are after all! How distinctly we can see the "mote" in other eyes, so imperceptible in our own. How easily we can settle the question of duty for a tried, tempted, discouraged fellow-creature, and what a large margin we allow for our own weaknesses and follies. How seldom do we reflect that, placed in the same circumstances, we might be even more reprehensible than they whom we so uncharitably condemn. God help us all—what if *He* should so unsparingly and unrelentingly measure our motives and lives! What if our unworthiness were the measure of His daily favors and recognition? May the thought stifle on our lips the harsh judgment, and prompt the extended hand of succor, to the tempted and discouraged

FANNY FERN.

LET MY NAME BE SPOKEN.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

Let my name be spoken, friends, dearest friends,
Let my name be spoken in the odorous hours,
When now ye meet, and love and memory blends,
With mirth and music in the time of flowers.

Let my name be spoken, friends, sweetest friends!
I may not meet you in your blooming bowers;
Across the miles my longing love I send,
Remember me amid your tryst of flowers.

Let my name be spoken! In the long, long hours,
Since we were parted I have yearned for you;
Yearned for your loyal souls of royal dower,
Fashioned of sunshine, melody, and dew.

Let my name be spoken! for in cold-world praise,
By alien lips 'tis idly passed around;
Sweet friends who love me through the changing days,
You whom I love, low syllable its sound!

Unheeded the world's voices long and loud,
The world's quick censure if the precious few,
God makes our own, enfold us from the crowd,
Fold us in love as healing as the dew.

Let my name be spoken, friends, dearest friends!
Let my name be spoken with a faith as true,
With love as tender, as the love I send,
From my deep heart, to sweeten life for you.

THE △ TRIAD;

OR,

ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANGFORD.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ALL DISCLOSED.

On the morning of the 25th of September, a party of horsemen came towards the Hudson River, about a mile away from the house where Arnold lived.

They were the American generals, who were on their return from Hartford from their interview with the French commander. They had been disappointed in their operations, but the beauty of the scenery and the freshness of the air filled them with joyous vivacity.

At this point Washington turned off the road toward the river.

"Where are you going, General?" said Lafayette.

"Where are *you* going?" said Washington, with a smile.

"Why, we are going up to Arnold's, and you are on the wrong road. You had better keep along, for Mrs. Arnold will be waiting breakfast."

"Ah," said Washington, "you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold. I see you are eager to be with her as soon as possible. Go and breakfast with her, and tell her not to wait for me. I must ride down and examine the redoubts on this side of the river, but will be with her shortly."

Lafayette and General Knox turned off with Washington, but Colonel Hamilton and another officer kept on, and presented Washington's compliments.

Arnold and his wife, with the two officers, then sat down to breakfast. Mrs. Arnold seemed to have recovered some of her spirits, and was quite lively. The general, however, was singularly gloomy.

Clara was overcome by grief, and could not appear in company. She sat in her room and looked out upon the river. She gave herself up to the direst forebodings of sorrow, and thought that in a few brief days all would be over.

The arrival of Washington had brought terror to two hearts in that house.

To Clara it was like the death-knell of her lover. All would soon be over. Perhaps on that very day he would be led out to death; perhaps, from her upper windows, she would hear the rattle of the death volley that would lay him low.

Arnold was equally moved.

On that very day it was arranged that the British flotilla should move up the river and make the attack upon West Point, which, after a mock resistance, was to be given up. But now the arrival of Washington and the others would throw all this into confusion, perhaps put it off forever.

The papers which had been found in André's possession had been sent off to Washington in Hartford, but as he had left a few days earlier than he had intended, he had missed them. He was therefore in total ignorance of all that had occurred, and so of course was his company. They were much surprised at Arnold's taciturn manner, but attributed it to his jealous sense of wrong and constant remembrance of injury.

In the midst of this scene a messenger arrived with a letter.

It was Gondo.

It was a letter from Lieut.-Colonel Jameson, giving Arnold the intelligence of André's arrest—the most astonishing act of stupidity on record, since it was as plain as day that Arnold was more guilty than André.

Arnold caught Gondo's eye. He read his fate in that glance.

He opened the letter calmly. He read it through from beginning to end, and received the awful intelligence that every word smote into his soul. Without a mark of agitation, he went through it all, and received the stroke which would have well nigh annihilated a less powerful soul.

He rose from the table in the same unmoved way, and went up to Mrs. Arnold's room. Then he sent a servant to summon her.

She went up wondering and fearing. As soon as she caught sight of her husband's face, she trembled.

"I am ruined!" he gasped, in tones that thrilled through every nerve with unutterable horror. "I have betrayed my country. All is discovered. Instant flight only can save me from a traitor's death!"

Mrs. Arnold shrieked, and fell headlong to the floor.

Arnold rushed out, and meeting a servant, sent him up to his wife. Clara heard the cry, and rushed into her friend.

The messenger's horse was standing at the door. Arnold seized it and leaped into the saddle. Like an arrow he darted down the path toward the river. His boat was moored there, and he embarked at once, ordering his boatmen to row as fast as they could to Teller's Point.

A few moments after his departure, Washington returned from his short tour, and entered the house.

He was informed that the general had just gone over to West Point to meet him, and that Mrs. Arnold was sick. After a few words, Washington left, and went over to West Point to see Arnold, whom he expected to find there.

All was silent.

He drew near in wonder. No salute was fired, no preparations were made, no reception of any kind had been prepared for him.

Only one officer came down the bank to meet him, and he appeared to be overcome with surprise at seeing him.

"If I had only known you were coming," said he, "you should not have had such a reception as this."

"Why? Is not General Arnold here?"

"No—he has not been here for two days."

"That is indeed singular," said Washington. "They certainly told me at the house that he had come over here."

"He has not been here."

"And what is more perplexing, they said he had come here to meet me."

"It is strange," said the officer; "perhaps you misunderstood them."

"No," said Washington, "I remember the very words they used. However, since I am here, I will wait, and no doubt he will be over before long."

Washington remained there, but still Arnold did not come. He examined the fortress, and inspected all the works. He was much perplexed at Arnold's conduct, but of course suspected nothing.

After remaining until dinner-time he prepared to return.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

PURSUIT.

As Washington approached Arnold's house he met Hamilton, who was hurrying down.

He was troubled, and his face denoted the deepest agitation.

"I was just hurrying to find you."

"Has anything taken place?" asked Washington calmly.

"Yes, dispatches have just arrived. They were sent to Hartford, and have come back again. I saw that they were marked important, and so I opened them."

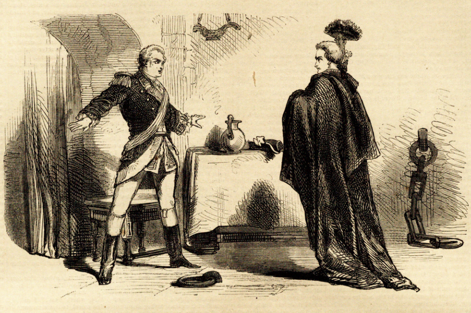
"What are the contents?"

"Come in where we can be unobserved," said Hamilton.

They entered the house and retired at once to a private room.

The papers consisted of an account of the capture of the spy, and also the documents that were found upon him. There was also a letter from André to Washington.

The emotions that filled the soul of Washington at that moment can never be known. To so pure, so noble and so great a nature as his, ordinary dishonesty was abhorrent; what then must have been his feelings at thus finding these damning proofs of the fearful treachery of a trusted officer, and an intimate friend.



AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

Nevertheless he preserved his calmness, and was unshaken even at this astounding disclosure of unparallelled crime.

He read it all carefully, attentively, and fully, until all was clear and plain to him. Colonel Hamilton watched him with wonder and admiration.

It was the characteristic of the great soul of Washington to preserve its fortitude and resolution unshaken amid a thousand vicissitudes. Disaster and misfortune, which would have crushed others, failed to move him—opposition and hostility could not overcome him—treachery and defection could not weaken his calm self-reliance—over all his sublime spirit towered up, surveyed the scene unmoved, and patiently wrought out the work that God had appointed for it to do.

After finishing his examination of these papers he returned to the room where the other generals were, and taking Lafayette and Knox aside, he told them the whole story and placed the documents in their hands. Appalled and horror-stricken they listened breathlessly, few words were spoken, for in that moment of bewilderment words could do nothing—express nothing.

They looked over the papers also, and if at first a lingering hope had remained that some mistake had arisen, or that Arnold's offence might be modified, or explained away, it remained no longer before this crushing testimony. There was his own handwriting communicating all to the enemy.

"Do you remember the time when we crossed the river with him?" said Lafayette.

"Yes."

"Did you see his looks?"

"No."

"No. You were looking through the glass at the Vulture. But I remember it all. I noticed it at the time and wondered. He was troubled and abstracted. I told him that as he had correspondence with the enemy he could find out for us what had become of Guichen. The wretch turned pale and looked horrified. He looked as though all his crime had been disclosed.

"It was calculated to try him I should think."

"And that correspondence after all was part of this."

"Yes."

"Invented for the occasion."

"Entirely so. He kept it up carefully and skillfully."

"Ah, it is easy to be skillful when you are viewed with unquestioning trust," said Lafayette.

"Gentlemen," said Washington, in his usual calm tones, "whom can we trust now?"

Silence followed these words. They had a world of meaning.

"Henceforth the world will have a new word," said Hamilton, "to express the vilest treason and the most abhorrent treachery. It will pass to other languages than ours, and men of every nation will couple the name of *Arnold* with that of *Iscariot*."

"Where is he now?"

"Aye! where?" cried Hamilton starting up.

"He has fled."

"Fled! and will we sit calmly here talking, while the traitor is finding a refuge?"

Instantly all started to their feet.

"Colonel Hamilton," cried Washington, "go at once—as fast as you can, to Verplanck's Point. He has probably fled down the river."

"Yes, he went off in his barge."

"Make the battery play on every boat—make Livingston keep a sharp lookout."

Colonel Hamilton departed at once, and rode off like the wind.

"It's too late now I fear," said Knox.

"It is now three o'clock."

"And what time did Arnold leave?"

"At about ten," said Lafayette's aid-de-camp. "It was shortly after we arrived, and while we were at breakfast."

"I wonder where he would go first."

"It's easy to tell."

"Where?"

"To the Vulture," said Lafayette. "There's only one place of safety for him now in all this district."

"And only one flag under which he can live now in this country," said Knox—"the British."

But now dinner was announced. The officers paid no attention to it; but Washington, who alone was calm and unruffled, said:

"Come, gentlemen, since Mrs. Arnold is unwell, and the general is absent, let us sit down without ceremony."

He spoke in pleasant tones, as though nothing had happened, and led the way to the dinner table.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WASHINGTON.

The situation of Mrs. Arnold was pitiable in the extreme. Her sensitive nature made her keenly alive to the horrible nature of her husband's guilt; her sense of honor, united with her affection, had both received a wound from which she could never recover. She saw her husband a cursed and hated man, proscribed by his country and detested of mankind.

Yielding up to the full force of her grief, she flung herself upon the couch and refused to be comforted. Her delicate frame was ill calculated to endure so terrible a blow. Her very brain reeled beneath the stupendous calamity.

Beloved as she was by all the officers, it needed only this to give the finishing touch to the horror of the whole transaction. For in striking at his country his blow had remorselessly smitten down one of the loveliest and best of women. It was bitter and painful to the last degree to all the officers, and to none more so than to Washington.

Full of sympathy he went up to see her, to seek to do what was in his power to allay the desperation of her sorrows. But grief had deprived her of all sense and reason. As soon as she saw Washington she assailed him with bitter reproaches.

"Look," she cried, "upon your work! Is it enough? Are you satisfied? All is lost. Life, hope, honor, all.

"You are all in a plot together," she murmured, in heart broken tones, "to murder my child!" And without heeding the words of Washington she caught her child to her bosom and covered it with caresses. "Destroy him—my darling," she cried. "Destroy him, too, and finish your work."

The scene was too affecting to be witnessed without tears. Washington himself could not look on unmoved.

"Ah, what am I saying?" she cried. "What have I said? Forgive me, noblest and best of friends. Pity me, I am wild, and I know not what I say."

"Oh, madam," said Washington, in tones of the most respectful sympathy, "be assured that there is one heart that feels for you this day."

"I know it, but I am beside myself with grief. Oh, my child, your father's dishoner will crush down your young life, and a stain will cling to your name forever. My child, my child. Wronged by the basest of men; your country betrayed by your father. Better both of us were dead at this moment than to linger on through such a life as now lies before us."

"Do not despair," said Washington. "Do not lose all hope. You have friends warm and true, who love you dearly, and will let no harm come to you."

"Can I separate myself from him?" she cried. "My husband! No! I share his fate, be it honor or dishonor. Where he goes I go; where he lives I live; and where he dies I die, and there will I be buried. I only know I am his wife, and I will be true to him through all things."

With a deep sigh she bowed her face in her hands.

"I have feared and dreaded I knew not what. For months a dark cloud has slowly seemed to settle over me. To-day I began to think that all my fears were vain; but, alas! no sooner did I rally in some measure from my sadness than the blow came, which crushes me forever."

The scene was painful beyond expression to Washington. He administered every comfort that a generous heart could suggest and left her, with his soul full of pity.

"All the sweetness of beauty," said Hamilton, "all the loveliness of innocence, all the tenderness of a wife, and all the fondness of a mother showed themselves in her appearance and conduct."

Clara had heard the awful news with feelings that cannot be uttered.

True to her friend she had hung over her prostrate form in the first hour of grief and desolation, and never left her side. When Washington appeared, hope nerved within her. His face, which beamed with infinite pity, his eyes, which radiated the deepest and truest sympathy, and his voice, tremulous with agitation, all excited hope within her.

When he left the room she followed him.

"Ah, sir," said she, "will you listen to me, for one moment, on a matter of life and death?"

"Poor child!" said Washington, moved by her pale face, tearful eyes, and trembling lips, "can I do anything for you? If so, ask, and it shall be done."

"There is a prisoner in West Point," said Clara.

"Who?"

"Captain Temple."

"Ah!" said Washington.

"Arrested," said Clara, "through the information of this man; witnessed against by this man; tried in a mock tribunal by this man · and by this man condemned to die."

She paused, overcome by her feelings.

"Condemned!" said Washington. "I did not know the trial was over."

"Oh, yes; and he would have been dead before this had not some of the officers pitied him, and granted him a respite till you came."

"And what can be done now?"

"Save him!"

"My child," said Washington, "I once esteemed that young man highly, but the charges against him are fearful, and the proof strong. If you can say anything in his favor let me know it. No one will be more rejoiced than I."

"Oh," said Clara, "if you will but listen I can explain all, so that you will see how innocent, how wronged, and yet how true he is."

The innocent girl then told to Washington all her story. In this great soul there was so large a sympathy that it could embrace all in its grasp. Nor did he think it beneath him, amid the cares of state, to listen to the sorrows of a young and almost childish girl. She saw the kindly emotions on his face, which invited confidence.

She told of her love and Gondo's jealousy. She told him of Harry's grief, and his joy at receiving a kind word again from her; and how, in his longing after her, he had disobeyed Arnold's order.

Then she related the voyage down the river, and the repulse of the marauders, so that Washington could see that it was really a dangerous enemy that attacked them, and not a friendly river guard.

Lastly she explained the whole circumstance of their seizure by the British vessel.

None could comprehend André's exalted gallantry better than Washington, who himself was at once the noblest and most chivalrous of men.

"Dear child," said he, kindly, after he had heard her through, "I see it all, you have explained all. His character is above stain or suspicion. He is free."

"Oh! when will he be delivered?"

"To-morrow at the earliest dawn. It should be to-night, but certain formalities have to be complied with."

Clara raised her eyes to Heaven, and murmured a prayer of thankfulness.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

REPROACH.

Obedient to Washington's command, Hamilton had hurried with all speed to Point Verplanck. He was too late.

Arnold had left at ten in the morning—he did not leave till four in the afternoon. Those six hours saved the traitor. He had gone off in his barge, down the river, with the speed of the wind, and had hoisted a white flag when opposite Point Verplanck, by which means he had been suffered to pass unmolested.

Then telling his sailors that he had important business on board the Vulture, he offered them two gallons of rum if they would row him out to that vessel. They did so, and he arrived there in safety.

Arnold stepped on board and was saved. Then he told the whole story to the captain.

"And is André caught?" cried the captain.

"Yes."

"And you have escaped? Better far to have had it the other way."

Arnold bit his lips, but held his peace.

"If my wishes had been heard," said the captain, "he would never have put himself in your hands."

"It was not my fault," said Arnold.

"It seems strange that he could not have been sent back to the Vulture by the way he came."

"It was impossible," said Arnold.

"Any one could have known that it would be certain ruin to force him to go through a hostile country with papers of such a nature."

"You speak as though I betrayed him," cried Arnold. "Do you not see that I, too, am ruined!"

While Hamilton was at Verplanck's Point, a boat came over from the Vulture under a flag of truce. It bore a letter from Arnold to Washington.

He declared that he loved his country as truly as ever, but that the world would judge him harshly. He had no favor to ask for himself, but begged protection for his wife and child, who would otherwise be exposed to insult and persecution through the mistaken vengeance of his country. He asked that she might be permitted to return to her home in Philadelphia, or go to him, as she chose. "She is as good as an angel," said he, "and is incapable of doing wrong."

He had not been on board long, before a boat came up to the vessel. Some one stepped on board, who asked for him. In much surprise Arnold went up on deck, to see who it was.

"Gondo!" he exclaimed.

It was indeed Gondo. What had brought him there, through the dangers of the river, Arnold could not imagine.

"All, then, is lost!" said Gondo.

"Yes," said Arnold, gloomily.

"My assistance was not asked in this enterprise," said Gondo.

"Alas! no."

"Had I been directed to guide him to New York, you would now have been in West Point with your new friends."

Arnold sighed.

"When he came ashore, it was with the intention of going back immediately. He stayed over night, and I left him thinking he would go back the following night. But he went away by land."

"You were to blame," said Gondo.

"Why?"

"In leaving him with that fool Smith."

"I thought Smith would take him back."

"He was a fool and a coward!" said Gondo, savagely. "I blame you for not making sure in a matter of such deep importance. Why did you not send me to see whether he had left? or if it was too dangerous to go back by the river to the vessel, why did you not tell me? and I would have taken him by that way which we have so often travelled in safety. Had you forgotten Gondo—had you forgotten the Triad, the Triad—your support and stay all along? In your decisive movement you throw aside your strongest power, and trust to chance."

"I do not forget it now."

"Of what avail is it now," said Gondo, "whether you forget it or remember it? Were you mad when you left all to accident?"

"The old proverb says, 'Whom the gods will destroy, they first make mad.' It was so with me."

"And now there is not a hope."

"No—not a hope."

"All is lost! and our perils, our triumphs, our toils, our crimes, all have come to nothing."

"Worse than nothing," cried Arnold; "ruin, misery, and despair!"

"I, too, had my hopes built on the success of this event, and now I see them cast down. I cannot forget that it might have been avoided. All might have been well if you had used the aids which I could have afforded.

"That man went on through dangers without number. I learned that he had left, and in my deep anxiety followed on. I could not overtake them. They were ahead of me, confronting the perils of the high road.

"At last I reached Colonel Jameson's, and found him a prisoner. All was lost. I had the honor," said Gondo, bitterly, "of bringing this intelligence to you; and you may rejoice till your dying day that I thought more wisely about you than you did yourself."

Arnold said not a word.

"See what you have lost. Life only has been saved, and that life is gained to you only through the 'Triad.'"

"Alas! fool that I was. Why did I not think in time!"

"That's what I wish to know. Good God! I could scarcely believe when I first heard that you had associated with that clod Smith, and had left me out of the business altogether, at the very crisis of the danger. I would have answered with my life for the success of the enterprise."

"It was so simple a thing that I did not think of you. But the chief reason why I originally sent Smith was because it would seem more in keeping with the professions in my correspondence."

"However," said Gondo, waving his hand as though he would banish the subject, "words, and reproaches, and lamentations are all useless now. I have come merely to show you that I was ready, and could have been relied on."

"Alas! I see it now."

"You are ruined; and I, too, to some extent have had my plans broken up; but there is yet one left for me to carry out—that I can do."

He spoke with a glance of fiendish malignity that was fearful to behold. Then he shook hands with Arnold, and went back to the shore.

CHAPTER XL.

THE FRIENDS AND THE SPIES.

Harry Temple was in his prison chamber at West Point. He had heard not a word of the terrible events of the past few days, nor knew that there was any change in his prospects.

The first outburst of grief had passed, and its violence having done its work, had died out. He had gone through that dark portion of a convict's experience, when the soul is submerged in all the overwhelming horrors of despair; he had passed through it, however, and left it behind.

He had reached a state of profound resignation. Confronting his doom with a steadfast gaze, he prepared to receive it, and since he had to die, he determined to die like a true American.

The sweet influences of Clara's visit had done much to elevate his soul to the point which it now occupied. Her heroic nature, which was all the more admirable because contrasted with her feminine delicacy—her deep affection, which now was lavished upon him from a heart that could not change, and her patient endurance of her own sorrows, inspired him with corresponding greatness of soul.

"If she behaves so nobly," said he, "ought I to sink down and whine like a child? No; let me show myself worthy of her."

So he rose up in his manhood, and scattered his weak fears to the winds.

In this mood he was pacing his chamber on the evening of this eventful day. The sound of keys aroused him. He turned. The door opened and a man entered. The door was locked upon them.

The new comer stared at Temple in undisguised amazement. Then throwing off his cloak, which had concealed his face and form, he said:

"Captain Temple! has misfortune brought you here, too?"

"Major André!" exclaimed Harry, in deep amazement. "Is it possible? Are you a prisoner?"

"A prisoner," said André, "of the most hopeless description."

"I hope that nothing worse than the usual fortune of war has happened."

"Mine," said André, "is the bitterest lot that can be imagined. But tell me, what has brought you here?"

"I am a condemned spy," said Harry, calmly.

André shuddered.

"What! you too? But you are not—you cannot be guilty."

"About as guilty as you are."

"Good God! I hope not!" cried André, in a tone that surprised Harry.

"It is a cursed plot," said Harry, "and I am sacrificed by it."

"How was it?"

"Arnold denounced me for having treasonable communication with the enemy, and the strongest proof against me was my visit to your vessel. All Arnold's own particular treasons and plots were fastened on me. He was the judge, a creature of his was witness, and you see the result. I am condemned as a spy, and expect every day to be shot or hung, I don't know which."

While he was speaking, André looked at him with wonder and horror.

"Can it be possible that this man Arnold is so base as this?" he cried.

"Base!" exclaimed Harry; "he is equal to the fiend himself!"

"And I have been drawn into this man's snares," said André, bitterly; "through him I have thrown my life away."

"What! you too? What do you mean?"

"Have you heard nothing?"

"Not a word."

"Nothing of my affair?"

"No."

"Why, my dear fellow, you are safe—you will be delivered—you are free!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Arnold's treason is all known. He has fled to the British vessel. He is ruined, and the whole country is rising up in one grand outburst of fury against the traitor."

"Oh, heavens!" cried Temple, as the full importance of this revelation burst upon his mind. "My innocence will appear. I will be pardoned!"

"Without doubt, and soon, too," said André.

"But how do you know all this?"

"I have the best reason in the world to know it, since I am the unfortunate wretch who came to get Arnold's proposals, and on my way back I was caught. He heard the news in time to escape, and on my way here I learned what I have told you."

Harry was astonished and shocked. The mournful tone of André pierced him to the heart. The recollection of André's generous treatment of himself affected him deeply, and now, when he saw his friend thus thrown into captivity, and sinking into despair, he could not refrain from grief.

"Tell me all about it," said he. "Let me know by what train of misfortunes you have come here."

André then began from the very first, and told him all about the letters of Gustavus and Anderson, the efficacious and secure conveyance of the letters, the deepening of the plot, and the removal to West Point.

He then related the unsuccessful attempts which they had made to hold interviews with one another, and the final attainment of their wish.

Then he recounted his dread experience. He grew paler as his mind went back over those hours of peril, and he dwelt upon the ever-increasing dangers that environed him on all sides with a minuteness and force that raised a sort of horror in Harry's mind. That fearful journey, with all its agonizing succession of hopes and fears, its incessant suspense, its hairbreadth escapes, all of which were only to be ended by the final arrest, seemed more fearful than anything that he had ever imagined.

Then the story of his arrest followed, and Harry hung upon his words with a fearful interest, learning how these three relentless and inflexible patriots dragged from him the proofs of his guilt, and proudly scorned his bribes.

When it was ended, Harry drew a long breath.

"It is a horrible tragedy," he exclaimed. "It takes away my breath. I shudder as I think of such an ordeal as this."

"And what," cried André, "must have been my feelings while passing through it?"

Then they talked of Harry's prospect of deliverance, and the chances for and against André's escape. The night passed pleasantly, and Harry was more than ever charmed by that fine sensibility, high spirit, and noble soul which distinguished the character of André.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE HOUR OF FEAR.

Before dawn a noise aroused Harry, who had sunk to sleep.

The prison door slowly opened. A glad message had come. Harry was free. There was the general's order for his deliverance. There could be no mistake, for it bore the well-known signature of Washington.

André, who had not closed his eyes all night, rose, full of sympathy, and congratulated his friend.

"I knew it would be so," said he; "I told you so."

Harry was eager to leave, so he bade farewell to André, and bade him be of good cheer; for, undoubtedly, his friends would make extraordinary efforts to release him.

André sighed, and said he would try to hope. Then Harry left.

It was scarcely daylight yet, but as he was crossing the river the sun arose gloriously, flashing over the purple hills, and throwing out long floods of glory in a rare and luminous glow. All the scene was bathed in his lustrous rays, and the river came winding down like a flood of molten gold.

In the first flush of freedom, Harry caught new inspiration from the scene. He eagerly anticipated the meeting with Clara, and wondered how she would look when they met, what she would do and say, and all the future delights that were now in store for them.

As he landed, he looked up at Clara's window, half-hoping to see her face. But the blind was down, and he was disappointed.

Then he walked up to the house. Early as it was, the door was open. He was too impatient to wait, so he said to the maid-servant whom he saw:

"Will you be so good as to step up-stairs, and let Miss Clara know that I am here."

He waited for some time impatiently.

At last the servant came back in a kind of consternation.

"Miss Clara is not there!"

"Not there!"

"No."

"Not in her room?"

"No—nor in any of the rooms. Mrs. Arnold says she bade her good night last night, and she thought she went to bed."

Strange fears rose in Harry's mind.

"Have you looked over the house?" said he.

"All over—but I'll go again."

Bewildered and terrified at this new trouble, Harry looked fixedly at the window, as though he were paralyzed. He did not move from that attitude till the servant reappeared.

"Oh, sir," said the girl, thoroughly frightened, "she aint nowhere; and I know she was here as late as ten last night."

"My God!" cried Harry; "what has become of her?"

By this time all the servants were aroused.

One of them suddenly remembered hearing some one knock at the door about ten o'clock last evening, and ask for Miss Clara, but she did not notice whether she went out or not. She now supposes that she must have done so.

Unable to endure the grief of this new calamity, Harry rushed out of the house. He wandered all around. He looked into the river, and through the grove, and down the well.

But his search was vain.

While he was standing by the gate, he saw some one up the road running toward the house.

It was an old woman, apparently Indian, with coarse, white hair, and thin, attenuated frame. Her eyes were bloodshot, her hands clenched, her clothes disordered, and she was covered with dust.

"Haste! haste!" she cried, to Temple—from a distance.

Temple hurried toward her.

"Uly!" he cried, "where is Clara?"

Uly gasped for breath.

"Gone!" she cried.

"Where?"

"I have found the track."

"Where has she gone?"

"She was carried off," said Uly, hurriedly. "I have been on a journey. I came home by the road. I have just arrived. I heard up the road that she was gone."

"Where—oh where has she gone?"

"Oh haste! I will show you how she can be tracked and found. She must have been beguiled from the house. There is only one who would do it."

"Who?" cried Harry.

"Gondo."

Harry gnashed his teeth.

"Haste!" cried Uly, again, with despairing tones. "Collect some men who are brave. If we follow fast we may catch them."

"Oh, yes. But, heaven help us, how can we find the track?"

"Get the men, and I will get something that will assist us," said Uly, and she ran off at the top of her speed.

Harry delayed not a moment. There were brave men in the place, and among them were those very men who had gone as his crew down the Hudson. He hurried round to them all and roused them.

One word for each was enough. No persuasions were necessary. They looked up to Harry, in some measure, as a kind of informal captain in their various exploits. Often had he led them on expeditions when the skill of the woodman, or hunter, was needed rather than the discipline of the soldier. One by one they started off to their rendezvous at Arnold's house, and waited for the return of Harry. Each man was armed with his unerring rifle, and in his belt he carried a long, keen, hunting-knife.

At last, Harry had roused them all. They numbered about fifteen, and were as resolute and muscular a set of men as could be imagined; familiar with danger, rejoicing in battle and adventure. The news that Clara had been carried off forcibly was enough to fire their blood, and throw them into a frenzy.

Harry looked upon them in pride and hope.

Last of all came Uly. She had been on a long journey, but she brought something that made Harry's eyes glisten with fierce exultation.

"Where did you get them, Uly?" he cried, with admiration.

"I had them—to be used on Gondo."

They were three Spanish blood-hounds, of the largest size.

"On, then—on!" cried Temple.

Uly gave the dogs the scent. Th[illegible]uffed at the ground. At last they discovere[illegible]ack, and started swiftly. The men set up [illegible] shout and followed.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

SAM JUDSON'S "PAINTER" FIGHT.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

In the long-ago days of my summer vacations there was nothing I so much enjoyed as a fortnight's rustication in the deep and then unfrequented woods of the north-eastern corner of Jefferson County, in the State of New York.

Here, accompanied by a much-loved friend, I pitched my tent, and with fishing-rod and fowling piece, spent the brief and happy summer days permitted to us from the toils of study.

We usually employed the services of a third party in these summer encampments, who acted in the various capacities of cook, guide, and boatman. Sam Judson (for that was his name) had spent his life on the "Tract," and was noted throughout the country as a fearless and successful hunter. He had lost his right eye; and numerous deep and ugly scars were seamed over his face.

We had employed the old man for two seasons, and had listened with pleasure to his many yarns, by our little camp-fires, before we ventured to question him as to the history of his mutilation.

At length my friend Wardwell said to him:

"Of all your stories, Sam, I'm sure you have never yet told us the best."

"And what might that one be?" inquired the hunter.

"The adventure in which you got those beauty spots on your handsome phiz," answered Henry. "I'm sure there's a good yarn may be spun of them."

"Well, young Squire, I reckon you're more'n half right there, but these ere little scratches haint a circumstance to what I can show here." And the old man, throwing open his coat, and unbuttoning his shirt-bosom, exhibited the surface of his brawny chest, scarred and plowed over with deep furrows, made in some desperate encounter.

"These scratches, gents, I got about five years ago, and I reckon that ere time I got myself into about the tightest spot I ever come out on agin, and I've been in many on 'em.

"I'll tell you how it happened. You see, 'twas later than this, considerable, for 'twas in the latter part of September, or thereabouts, I was camped out on the Oswegatchie, where the deer was plentier than they've ever been since, or ever will be agin, now the settlers begin to spoil the range there. Well, one day, arter a hard tramp on't, I had shot six does, and toted 'em into camp. But as I was goin' for the last one, I started a big buck, and shot him. It was now getting latish, and the fellow was too heavy to take to camp with the doe, and so I hung him by the horns in a cedar tree, till morning, when I could take him in, and start with the venison for Sackett's Harbor, where the blue coats at the garrison were my best customers.

"I kept a horse and wagon in them days, and did a smashing business in the game line. Well, when I went in the morning arter the buck, I missed him. He'd been toted clean away. But I could see where he'd been dragged through the bushes, and devoured by a gang of bars.

"'Ha, ha! Mr. Shaggy-coat,' thinks I, 'Ill spoil your fun for the futur;' and so I went back to the camp, and fetched a couple of my big bear traps; and arter shooting another deer, and hangin' him in the same cedar, I set the traps at the foot on't, and went off about my business.

"I didn't get back from the Harbor till about dark on the next night, so I reckoned I wouldn't look arter the traps till mornin'.

"Well, you see, the fust thing I did in the mornin' was to take my rifle and break for my traps. I reckoned I got within a half a mile of the spot, when I heard one of the darndest yellings and howlings I ever heard afore. I knowed it well; 'twas a blasted painter, and thinks I, 'here'll be fun!'

"Sure enough, when I reached the cedar tree I got sight of the varmint, and I reckon 'twas the biggest I ever set my eyes on afore, and I seen more'n a score of 'em in my time in these parts. But I'd never knowed any so near the clearings of the Oswegatchie.

"He was an old he painter, and I reckon one of the fust settlers, as they say down in the clearings; and ef there's one thing I love better'n another, 'tis to see the squirming and twisting of the cussed critters in the traps afore I dispatch 'em with my rifle.

"So I looked on mighty pleased at the howling imp, who made desperate efforts to escape when I hove in sight. But he was tight, and I took my seat on a rock close by him, and resting old 'kill-deer' (that's the old rifle, you know) between my knees, gin him a short lecture on good manners, and warned him of the consequences of stealing venison and gettin' into bar traps. Well, the more I talked, the worse the varmint struggled to get away, till arter a little while I concluded my discourse, and was about to finish him too. But just as I raised my gun to my face to fire, I heard a rustling of the dry leaves behind me. I turned in the direction of the sound, and there, about a dozen rods off, I seen something creeping through the bushes close to the ground, directly upon the spot where I was sitting. At first glance, I was at a loss to tell what sort of a varmint it was, but arter second thought, I knowed 'twas another blasted painter.

"'I'll 'tend to your case bime-by,' said I to the fellow in the bar-trap, 'but at present I've a little bizness to see to here!' and watchin' the chance when the other was about to make a spring upon me, I aimed between his two eyes, and fired.

"I tell you, gents, that was the onluckyest shot I ever made. What was the matter with the old gun, I never could tell, but the fact was, the ball only passed through the cheek of the critter, and the next I knowed, he was upon me. But he hadn't more'n reached me, than I raised the breech of my rifle, and knocked him to the ground. Howsever, the blow broke the stock of old kill-deer off above the lock, and only stunned the brute for a little, and afore I could draw my knife, he was up and at it again. But I had catched up the barrel of my gun, and I reckon I'd a finished the cuss with that alone, for now that I'd got a little over the surprise of the attack, I began to get my wits about me, and was about as cool and quick in my motions as he was. Jist at this time, as I was about to meet the spring of the painter, I heard a yell behind me, and before I could strike, something crushed down upon me with the weight of a four-year-old bar, and knocked me with my face to the ground, and then I reckon there was somethin' done.

"The fact was, that ere other varmint had left one of his paws behind in the jaws of the b'ar trap, and had jined his pardner in the scrimmage; and I tell you what, gents, ef a poor devil was ever in a tight place, it wor Sam Judson then!

"The two painters was now on top of me, and almost afore I knowed where I was, they had stripped me to my buff, and I reckon ef you'd look at my back, you'd see whar they'd signed their names and the date of the fight there. At fust, I thought I was a gorner, and there'd be no use of fighting agin two such customers as them was; for, ef anything, the darned painter with only three sets of claws tore my flesh worse even than the sound one that had come to help him. The two, I tho't, was more'n a match for any human. But arter one or two digs into my naked flesh, that started the blood in big streams all over my back, I tho't of my belt-knife, and, as good fortin would have it, I managed to draw it, and pegged away with it till I drove one of the critters howling with pain to the bushes. But the fellow that had been in the trap wouldn't give it up so; and he fit like a devil for about ten minutes at least, for that matter tho' it seemed like an hour to me. 'Twas then I got these ere cuts in the face and lost my eye.

"I was covered with wounds, and the ground about me was slippery with blood—the most on't my own blood! But I was now so mad from pain, and the blood streaming down my face, that I fit desperate.

"But bimeby I managed by good luck to drive my long knife to the heart of the huge painter, and he fell, with a terrible struggle, dead at my feet.

"Hows'ever, the fight wa'n't ended yet by a long shot—'twas only jist commenced; for all this time t'other varmint, arter recuperatin', was preparing to pitch in agin. Oh! what wouldn't I give then for old kill deer in good order and charged! But there was no help for it; the savage critter, more rantankerous than ever at the smell of my blood, crouched for a killing spring.

"I was now getting weak from the loss of blood, and it seemed as ef my life was running out at my right eye, for I knowed that had been put out forever; and the other was about blinded with blood. So I threw myself on one knee, and with my long knife p'inting at the critter, waited for the charge.

"It come soon enough, I reckon! In another second he was upon me, with open mouth and spread claws; but afore he touched me my knife was buried in his inards, and I ripped his belly from breast-bone to tail. But his weight threw me backwards upon my back, and then the way he dug into my breast with them terrible claws was awful. The blood spurted like water, and arter the fight the ground all about and the bushes was covered with the spatterin's. Oh, 'twas an awful tight spot I was in then! But I kept slashing away with the knife, and arter a moment the varmint was glad to haul off a bit.

"Now, thinks I, that's the last of that critter too, and I reckoned I could then die in peace; for I was bleeding to death, I tho't. So I began to drag myself out of the way a little, when I heard a fierce growl that I knowed didn't come from the dying brute; and the same minnit another big painter showed hisself in the edge of the bushes, and arter eyeing me a little, was about to leap upon me.

"All this time I held on to the knife, and had managed to crawl behind the trunk of a little cedar; and jist as the new painter jumped, I kinder got the tree between him and me, and as he struck, and reached his big paws 'round arter me, I let him have the knife with all the little strength I had left. It went into the fellow's ribs, and I reckon cut his heart clean open, for he hardly kicked afore he rolled away from the tree, dead as a dried herring.

"Well, as good fortin would have it, that was the last on 'em, for I laid there by the root of the little cedar, with my knife still clutched, I should think a good long hour—it seemed so to me—watching ef there was any more of the savage critters goin' to 'jine issue'—as Squire Newman says—with me. But I reckon I about used up that ere family of painters, for I wa'n't no more molested by 'em.

"Bime-by, when I was satisfied I'd got 'em all, I begun to feel awful faint and sick; and pretty soon I tho't night was coming, for it grew darker all to once. I tried to move, but I couldn't; and that's all I remember about it, till I found myself in Joe Spooner's cabin, and his darter Jerusha a-feeding me porridge, like a baby.

"She was a good gal—that Jerush; and she saved my life; and this was the way it happened: She was mighty fond of fishing, and that mornin' she'd started to go down to Duck Lake to catch a mess, when she came across the dead painters, and while she was looking round, she chanced to find me, she said, a-bleeding like a stuck pig. She said she knowed there was life still in me; and—for Jerush was a nice, stout gal—she lifted me onto her shoulder, and toted me about a mile to her father's cabin.

"Joe's folks was all nice people, and they took good care on me; but it was cold weather afore I could git about agin; and I couldn't tote a rifle till about ten months arter that despret fight with them ere three painters.

"I guess them was the last in these parts, for I han't seen hide nor hair of one since—and the fact is, gents, I'm content not to!"

* * *

MY NEW CARPET.

"Husband!" I said, "I really think we need a new carpet for our sitting room."

My husband (John Lane is his name,) made no answer. I thought he might not have heard me, as he was reading, so I spoke again.

"Husband, I was saying that I think we need a new sitting-room carpet."

"Ah, do we, Nancy?" he replied, looking up cheerfully, as was his wont.

"Yes we do. The old one's most worn out, and I'm tired of turning, and darning, and changing breadths to make it answer. I think it's time it was cut up for those small bedrooms up stairs, and a new one bought for the sitting-room."

To this husband, apparently deep in the "leader," only answered "hum, ha," and went on, without lifting his eyes.

"Mrs. Andrew Stewart's got a new one."

"Has she?"

"Yes, and I'm sure her husband's no richer than mine."

"Not half as rich, I think. Anyhow I've one pretty valuable piece of property that all he's worth could not buy from me."

"Have you? Why, what's that?" I asked, laying down my china towel, to draw nearer.

"Come here, and I'll tell you. There, stoop down—nearer——"

I was actually goose enough to do as bid me, and the ridiculous man kissed me, and whispered in my ear that *I* was the property—only think of calling his wife *property*—that he was thinking of.

Well, we had got pretty far away from the carpet question by this time, and I did not renew it again until the dishes were put away, the table set back in its place against the wall, and the hearth brushed up. Then, armed with my knitting work, I sat down, on the other side of the fire place, ready to renew my attack at the first convenient opportunity. This was not long wanting, and I commenced again.

"Husband, tell me, now, don't *you think* we need a new carpet for the sitting room?"

Husband laid down his newspaper and looked at me thoughtfully, for a full minute.

"Well, really," he said, at last, "I cannot remember that I have ever thought about it at all. It seems to me that you make the old carpet look very nicely."

Another compliment, but I had been too long married, to be circumvented in my tactics in such a way.

"But don't you think we can afford a new carpet as well as the Stewarts?"

"How should I think anything about it, my dear? I haven't the least idea of the state of Mr. Stewart's finances, at present."

"Well then, you provoking man, you have at least some idea of the state of your own. Can *we* afford a new carpet?"

"There, you come to the point at last, and deserve a straightforward answer. I have money enough in my pocket-book to buy a carpet, perhaps more, that I might, doubtless, afford to spend in that way, without injustice to my creditors."

"And you will get the carpet?" I cried eagerly. "You will get it to-morrow, perhaps, and then we can have it made in time for——"

"Wait, wait, you impetuous little woman! Let me ask you one question, now. Do you think the money we should pay for the carpet would be appropriated to the wisest purpose?"

"I don't know," I answered, a little sullenly I fear, for I was not well pleased. "I can't be expected to know much about what is *wisest*, being only a woman. But I do know that I want, and think we need the carpet. It's threadbare now, in places, and will be full of holes before Spring."

"Well, well, Nanny, let's say no more about it to-night. Here's an interesting story in the last number of the Oceanic Monthly that I would like to read to you, and will talk about the carpet some other time."

Next morning at breakfast, the subject of the carpet was not broached, and at noon, when husband came to dinner, he brought a letter from my only sister, who lived in a small town about a hundred miles distant from my own home, which effectually drove all thoughts of anything else from my mind.

My sister had married but poorly, her husband being a sort of writing master and potrait-painter, who called himself an artist, but who, little as I know about such matters, never seemed to me to deserve the name. He had a handsome face, and dressed well, though in a very queer sort of style, I must say, and he went into ecstasies over poor Lucy's beauty.

Lucy was a real good girl, but, at the same time, she was a little vain of her good looks, and she was mightily taken with this writing and painting gentleman. He wanted to marry her, and she was all for the match. But father and mother, who were living then, and brother James, all opposed it, and I told her I thought he made a better beau than he would a husband. But she wasn't to be persuaded, and the result of the matter was, that the painter fellow carried her off.

She wrote that her eldest boy, a bright lad of eleven, her "sole dependence," had just been buried, dying suddenly after a short illness, that her youngest child was sick, and her husband was dying of consumption, while she was quite worn out with grief and nursing.

"It's a poor place to ask you to, Nanny," she wrote. "We're miserably poor, for not a dollar has been earned this summer but what poor Eddie picked up for odd jobs he got to do, and I spent the last shilling for his coffin. The neighbors are very kind, and we do not suffer for food nor shelter. If you can come to me, you little know the comfort the bare sight of you will be, and I need comfort—oh, so much."

Of course there was not a second thought to be taken about the matter. I started off at three o'clock that afternoon, with a carpet-bag and trunk packed full of such things as I thought they'd most need, and husband promised to send anything more that I wanted, as soon as I saw what *was* needed.

I arrived about eight o'clock in the evening, and got a boy, who was standing on the platform, to show me the way to the house, while the station master promised to send up my baggage "right away."

Poor Lucy! Poor shadow of that bright blooming girl who once dwelt with me beneath the roof of the dear old farmhouse! She fell upon my neck, and wept tears of mingled joy and sorrow, and I joined her, till suddenly the thought struck me that I had come to comfort and help her, and there must be something for me to do better than crying.

There was the sick child, my little namesake, on a poor little cot in a corner of the room, and from the bed in another corner, came that terrible hollow cough, that told where poor Angelo lay. Worn to a spectre, with great, hollow, burning eyes, and a dark beard that looked inky black against his white face, he lay there gasping out his breath, too feeble to utter even my name, and welcoming me only by a look, and a faint grasp of his long fingers.

I turned sick and faint, and could only sustain myself by bustling about to see what I could do for the comfort of each poor sufferer.

Well, I am not going to describe the squalor and destitution of that poor home. I little thought my father's daughter, and my sister, would ever have been reduced to such absolute want. We had always counted ourselves rather poor folks, having nothing for superfluities; but I saw enough that first night to teach me that there was a vast difference between *our* ideas of poverty and that which obtains in such a place as my sister now lived in.

As the days passed on, I learned some other lessons—humility, gratitude, and a deep sense of personal unworthiness in the presence of God, from poor Angelo; patient forbearance and industry, a meek and quiet spirit from Lucy; from helpful little Mary, her nine-year old daughter, cheerfulness, and forgetfulness of self, and sweet readiness to oblige; and from sick Nanny to bear suffering in silence and with patience, and to dread causing trouble to others. All these were lessons I needed, and I hope they did me good.

I stayed with Lucy three weeks. Before they were over Angelo had died and been buried, my husband coming over to the funeral, and paying the expenses of it. As soon as little Nanny was strong enough to be moved, we disposed of the few things Lucy owned, gave up the miserable room, and I took the whole family to my home.

Lucy and the two girls remained with us all winter, and I am sure I am doing husband and myself no more than justice when I say that we did everything in our power to make them comfortable. Brother James, who is a merchant in New York, and pretty well off, sent husband a sum of money, and a large package of materials for making clothing for Lucy and the children, indeed a complete outfit of shoes and everything. He wanted husband to repay himself from the money for all he had expended, but husband would only divide, letting James, as he said, "bear half the burden," which, considering that James was Lucy's own brother, and better off than we were, I think was truly generous in my dear old John.

Well, the winter waned and Spring came. Of course, I said nothing more about the carpet, feeling that while husband was doing so much for my relations, it became me to make the very best and most of such things as we had in the house, and not ask for more. Twice during the winter and early spring I had the old carpet up, and, with Lucy's help, patched, and darned, and turned it, until it really looked quite respectable, although I knew it was too thin to last long. I don't know whether husband noticed what I was doing, but anyhow he said nothing about it.

Early in the spring Lucy had received a proposition to open a school for girls in the town where her husband died. She had accepted it, and about the middle of April was the time fixed for her to commence. She was to take Mary with her, but little Nanny was to remain with us, husband and I hoped for always; but Lucy had not quite consented to that.

The night before she left, as I was packing up my carpet bag, the last thing towards getting ready to accompany her, husband spoke to me about the carpet.

"I really think we need a new sitting-room carpet, Nanny," husband said. "The old one is getting shamefully thin. Why I just stumbled a little, as I came in this evening, and the toe of my boot went clear through it, making a great rent. You must select a new one as soon as you get back."

"Oh, no, I shall do no such thing," I answered. "As soon as I come home I'll mend that rent neatly, and until then I shall tell Bridget to keep a mat laid over it. And as soon as the weather gets a little warmer, I mean to buy some of that India matting, that is so cheap and pretty, and which will do perfectly well for summer."

"And what will you do next winter, Nanny?"

"Why, perhaps we shall be able to buy a nice wool carpet then. But now, when you have had so much expense, for my relations, too, I could neither ask for nor consent to your getting one."

"Well, perhaps you are right, Nanny. You generally are when you set reason to work. But I hope you do me credit for doing what I have for poor Lucy, cheerfully and heartily. I am sure I could hardly love her more if she were my own sister, and little Nanny is like our own child."

"Of course, I am right; and I credit you for all the virtues under the sun; and I know you love Lucy and little Nanny, and Mary, too, though you don't mention her; and you are the very dearest old John that ever lived; and I wish I could make you know how much I love and thank you for all your kindness."

And there the carpet question dropped.

Three days later I returned home, having left Lucy and Mary in the little town. Husband met me at the depot, and as he told me tea was all ready, and I was very hungry, I went right into the dining-room as soon as I reached home, answering the questions of little Nanny, who had been watching for me at the gate, as I went.

The child was full of some mysterious joy all the time we were at tea, and husband kept casting quizzical glances at me, and complimenting me on my improved good looks, and Bridget went in and out with a broad grin on her face, until I began to think that everybody was unusually glad to see me.

When tea was over we adjourned to the sitting-room.

"I'm going to see if you've kept the mat over that awful rent in the carpet, Bridget," I said to the delighted servant, as I followed my husband and Nanny, who had preceded me.

"Ah! Bridget remembers orders, and she keeps the house tidy enough when you're gone," husband said, laughingly, as he threw open the the sitting-room door. "See if she does not!"

I looked and did see—not the patched and faded old carpet, not the mat covering the big rent, but a pretty, bright, *new* carpet of just such colors as I should have chosen, and of better quality than I should have thought suited to our means, all nicely made and put down. And, in the centre of this carpet, lay a large card, on which was written:

> "For a good wife who cheerfully sacrifices her own wishes to that which she considers her husband's interest, and who is willing to be both just and generous."

And so I got my new carpet.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Long-waiting love doth entrance find
Into the slow-believing mind.
SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.

Clarisse—it is almost the last time we shall have occasion to speak of her by that name—was deeply affected by the sad condition of her cousin, whose manly character she had long appreciated and admired. The adventure at Brompton, and its terrible results, called the better feelings of her nature into action; the true-hearted girl felt as if a scale had suddenly fallen from her mental sight. She weighed the happiness of her kind old father, Adam's devoted love for her, her own respectability, against the tinsel glare and artificial excitement of the existence she had hitherto led, and found it worthless in comparison.

Clarisse was not the first of her sex, by thousands, whom the love of admiration has led from the true path of life. Happily for herself, the one she had pursued ran almost parallel with it; nothing more impenetrable than a hedge-row of gaudy flowers divided them. *She could return.* There was not a gulf between them.

Neither the remonstrances of the surgeon nor the entreaties of her parent could prevail on her to retire to rest. Her place was by her defender, who, although unconscious of the presence of all around him, repeatedly murmured her name.

"Susan, dear Susan! don't fear. Safe, safe! I am with you."

Her father, dearly as he loved her, could not help regarding her reproachfully—not that she perceived it; tears had blinded her.

About six Adam fell into a heavy sleep, and the surgeon once more advised her to take repose.

"I do not require it," she replied.

"You do require it," said the skillful practitioner, placing his finger on her pulse; "you have received a severe shock, and, however calm now, I fear reaction."

"*The shock has done me good, sir.*"

The doctor looked surprised.

"My daughter is fond of excitement," observed Mr. Brown; "still, I wish you could persuade her to retire. I am used to night work; it won't hurt me. Go, Susan," he added; "to-morrow, you know, is practising day."

There was something inexpressibly sad in his accent.

"I will retire," said Clarisse, who appeared to have taken a sudden resolution. "You promise to call me," she added, fixing her eyes anxiously upon the surgeon, "should any change——"

"Faithfully," replied the gentleman; "but I do not apprehend any, at least, at present."

For nearly an hour the speaker remained watching the sufferer, whose breathing gradually became more calm, and the skin and pulse less feverish. Although far from considering him out of danger, the doctor began to entertain strong hopes of his patient.

"The change is favorable," he whispered to the uncle.

Mr. Brown clasped his hands in silent gratitude. Adam had been to him as a son. It had long been the dearest wish of his life to call him by that name.

The clock struck seven—the usual hour for opening the shop. The worthy baker descended, intending to take the shutters down himself. As for the bread, he knew that he should find the batch already drawn—he could rely upon his men for that; it was only necessary for him to be there to serve it to his customers. At the bottom of the staircase was a window communicating with the shop. The light informed him that the latter was already open. He peeped through, and could scarcely repress an exclamation of surprise. His daughter, whom he believed to be in her own room, was standing behind the counter, dressed in a plain morning cotton frock! and a cap!!

"God bless her!" he murmured, at the same time shedding tears of delight. "Her heart is in the right place, after all."

A woman and boy came in—Clarisse served them. The old man could restrain his feelings no longer, but opened the door of communication and walked into the shop.

"How is Adam?" she demanded.

"Sleeping still, and breathing gently as a child. The doctor looks more hopefully than he did."

A faint flush suffused the pale cheeks of the *danseuse.*

"But you must be tired," continued the speaker, regarding her tenderly. "Go to your room and rest; I will attend to the customers."

"Do I serve them so badly?" asked his daughter.

"Like an angel," replied her father, with a sigh; for he thought how much rather he would see her there than hear of her triumphs at the theatre.

"Allow me to continue then," she added.

"You forget that it is practising day."

This was the second time Mr. Brown had reminded her of her engagement with Madame Saubin, which no consideration had hitherto induced her to neglect.

At that instant two more customers entered the shop.

"Go into breakfast, father," said Clarisse; "I will come to you in an instant. You will find everything ready on the table.

"I wish to speak with you," she added.

Silently wondering what his daughter could have to say to him, the worthy baker, who never disputed even her caprices, walked into the little parlor; but, instead of seating himself, he stood watching her in silent admiration, as she served the bread.

"What a woman of business," he murmured, "she would make if she could only bring her mind to it! Bah! no hope of that—she detests the very name of trade. It would take years to get over her aversion to it."

In the ordinary course of events, no doubt but it would have done so. It requires years for any one to become grey, but persons have been known to turn grey in a single night, and violent antipathies and prejudices have been overcome even in less time.

The old man kissed her fondly when she joined him in the parlor.

"Ah, Susan!" he exclaimed, ' if you knew how like your dear mother you look in that pretty cotton dress!"

"Do you like me in it, father?"

"Better than in your lace and spangles."

"I shall never wear them again," exclaimed his daughter, throwing her arms around his neck. "I have been unkind, ungrateful to you, and yet I did not intend to be so. I never saw myself arightly till last night, or the precipice to which folly and vanity were hurrying me. Poor Adam! you think he will recover? How I have trifled with his feelings, too! You will forgive me? for, with all my waywardness, I always dearly, fondly loved you. Will you not forgive me, father?"

"What! you will abandon the stage—the dancing—the——"

"I loathe them—loathe them now."

"God be praised!" said her parent, pressing the weeping girl to his heart; "God be praised! You have repaid me a hundred times over for all my care and sorrow. If the poor boy could only hear you," he added, "it would do him more good than all the doctors in London. He has served for you almost as long and patiently as Jacob did for Rachel."

"His present sufferings, even if he recovers, will cure him of his folly," answered Susan, with a sigh.

"You know better than that," replied her father. "He can't get over it, if he would. You don't know what true, real heart-love is, to talk in that way. But you are not serious—you are only jesting with my simplicity. I should like to see him get over it," he added, emphatically. "It would be something more than a nine days' wonder to me.

"Poor Adam!" he murmured, after a pause, "how often have we talked about you together, and when I began to feel a little impatient at your—your—you know what I mean."

"Folly, father."

"I am glad you have said it for me. Fully, Susan, has he defended you," continued the old man; "declared it only natural that one so young and beautiful should know her value. He adores you—worships you. Wait till the lad recovers; he will tell you so himself, if you will only hear him."

Although the resolution she had taken of quitting the theatre was a most decided one, the pretty *danseuse* did not carry her humility so far as to promise that.

She would wait, perchance, till Adam asked her.

And she was right, true to her sex, and to herself.

We cannot conceive any circumstances to justify a girl acknowledging her *readiness* to be won.

"And is this change really and truly to last?" asked the baker.

"Really and truly," repeated his daughter.

"You will not return to the theatre again?"

"Never!" was the reply.

It was pronounced with firmness, and she kept her word.

In his joy, the father of Susan—we shall no longer speak of her by her theatrical name—forgot for a moment the desperate state of his nephew. One, if not the very dearest wish of his heart, was gratified, the other he left to time.

"God is good," he murmured, "and the patience of paternal love rewarded after all—it has been a sad struggle, though; at times I almost grew weary of the contest, but I knew the heart of my child was in the right place, and that gave me strength."

Calling one of the workmen to take his station in the shop, he crept gently up the narrow staircase, and listened at the door of his nephew's room.

Adam Hayes was still sleeping.

That same morning Mr. Parfit, the money-money-lender, entered his office at the usual hour; being a very methodical person, he first perused his correspondence, placed ready for him upon his desk. Some of the letters contained applications for loans; others, entreaties for time for payment; at the bottom of each one he made a brief memorandum, then rang the bell for his confidential clerk to copy the answers.

Instead of receiving them without a word, as he generally did, and quitting the room, Mr. Pry began counting the letters over.

"Fourteen, I think, sir."

"Yes."

"Any further directions?"

"No."

The clerk still lingered round the desk of his employer.

"Well, what is it?" demanded the latter, who saw by his manner that he had some piece of intelligence to communicate.

"Have you seen the papers this morning, sir?" replied Mr. Pry.

Mr. Parfit caught up the *Times*, and began hastily to peruse the advertisements.

"Third column," said the clerk, "half way down; find a cross against it."

The quick eye of the money-lender caught the mark, and he read as follows:

"TEN POUNDS REWARD will be paid for the address of Ann Betts, who, ten or twelve years ago, was in the habit of receiving children to nurse. She is supposed to have resided in the immediate neighborhood of London.—Apply to Mrs. Page, No. 000 Princess street, Haymarket."

"Well," said the old man, after perusing it twice, "how does this interest me?"

Mr. Pry knew better than to reply to the question; it would have betrayed a more intimate knowledge of the speaker's secrets than he could have legitimately possessed.

"Your lawyer Slime has found a flaw in her lease, I believe, sir."

"Well?"

"And I thought you might possibly be concerned in it."

"Pshaw! not in the least."

The lie did not deceive the clerk, who knew the value of words quite as well as his employer.

"You will not care, then, to see the other advertisement," he observed.

"A second advertisement?" repeated Mr. Parfit, thrown completely off his guard.

"Fifth column, at the bottom; I marked two crosses against it."

The keen gray eyes of his master fell, as if by instinct, on the exact spot. It was headed:

"FIFTY POUNDS REWARD will be paid for the address of a poor woman, named Ann Betts, who formerly lived in the family of Colonel Mordaunt. Apply to Burns and Bingham, Army Agents."

The features of Mr. Parfit turned ghastly pale as he read the second advertisement, and the paper fell from his hand.

Although Mr. Pry felt strongly tempted to indulge in a chuckle, such was the mastery he had obtained over his countenance, he never moved a muscle.

"It certainly is odd," gasped the money-lender.

"*Very odd indeed, sir.*"

"But it does not interest me."

To this assertion no reply was made.

"*In any way*," added the speaker.

Still the same stolid look and provoking silence on the part of the confidential clerk.

"Why the devil don't you speak," exclaimed the money-lender, nervously; "didn't you hear me say that the affair had no interest for me?"

"Glad to hear it, sir."

His employer regarded him earnestly for several instants, and then asked him why he felt glad it did not.

"You will not object to my trying to obtain the reward?" replied his informant. "I meet with many strange characters, and pick up singular bits of information. Who knows but if I try I may succeed? Ann Betts—*I feel certain I have heard that name before.*"

Mr. Parfit evidently winced.

"And fifty or sixty pounds," added the speaker, very deliberately, "although a trifle to a rich man like yourself, would be a perfect godsend to me just now."

"Are you acquainted with Burns and Bingham?" inquired the money-lender, without seeming to notice the hint thus cautiously thrown out.

"By name, sir; by name," answered the man, in a careless tone; "army agents—great deal to do with Indian officers—very rich, *and very respectable.*

"No bribing them," he mentally added.

Mr. Parfit rose from his desk, walked once or twice across the room, looked first at the weather through the window, then at his watch, and finally put on his great coat.

"Going out, sir?" asked the clerk.

"Yes—important appointment. If Marsh calls, you take an instalment on the bill—but mind, not less than a hundred. Hinds will be sure to pay—his wife is just dead, and he has a heavy insurance upon her life. If he offers anything in the shape of a consideration, say I consent to wait; and Hall and Stracy—but I will attend to their affair myself."

"Shall I send for a coach, sir?" demanded Mr. Pry, obsequiously.

"No, I am going to the West-end, and prefer walking. Do not leave the chambers till I return."

No sooner had the money-lender quitted the office, than the confidential clerk buttoned on his great-coat too, and despite the order to remain in chambers till his employer's return, hastened down the staircase after him, and, on reaching the end of the court, peeped cautiously into the street, just in time to see Mr. Parfit, who intended to walk to the West-end, drive off in an opposite direction.

"Goes by the Strand," he muttered. "I see, call at the Bank first. Plenty of time. I shall be there before him. Thinks to bilk me of the reward. Curse the old rascal! I should like to hang him."

Having disburdened his mind of this not very Christian-like ejaculation, the speaker called a coach, and promised the driver an extra shilling, provided he drove quickly.

An hour later the money-lender and himself met again in front of Shoreditch Poor-house. A cynical smile curled the lips of Mr. Pry, as he saw his employer alight at a short distance from the hackney coach.

"Here before him," he muttered.

It would be difficult to describe the look of mingled rage and surprise that distorted the features of Mr. Parfit when he recognized his clerk, whom he had directed on no account to leave the office till he returned.

"You here!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir!"

"Why, I thought I ordered you——

"I know you did," interrupted the man; "but I also know that you are too kind and considerate a gentleman to object to an old and faithful servant making a few pounds when Providence throws them in his way; and, as the affair *does not interest you*, I thought I would just run down to satisfy myself that Ann Betts was still in the workhouse."

"Is she?"

Mr. Pry replied in the affirmative.

"I trust you are not offended with me," he added, in a tone that sounded very like mockery, from its affected humility; "but sixty pounds is a great object to me."

The money-lender looked and felt as if he could have strangled him. A very few moments' reflection, however, convinced him of the impolicy of quarreling with his confidential clerk, who evidently knew more of his private affairs than he had entrusted him with, and, like a clever tactician, he at once made up his mind how to deal with him.

"The affair does interest me," he whispered.

"Then I was right, after all, in pointing out the advertisements!" exclaimed Mr. Pry, with well-acted astonishment.

"Well, yes."

"If I had known that——"

"No humbug," interrupted his employer, sternly; "you ought to know me better than to try it. You say you require sixty pounds?"

"Towards making up a hundred, sir."

"A hundred be it," said Mr. Parfit. "Step into the coach with me, and I will tell you how to gain it."

"You are too kind, sir."

"More," added the old man, "provided you agree to my proposal, which shall be liberal—very liberal."

"It is so like you," said the clerk.

The next minute the two rascals were seated together talking over the affair amicably. There was little necessity for circumlocution on either side. They perfectly understood each other.

"I'll do it," said Mr. Pry, emphatically, as soon as his employer had clearly explained his intention.

A silent shake of the hand followed.

"Anything to serve so liberal a gentleman," added the speaker.

The money-lender had indeed been liberal—*in offers.*

"No time must be lost," he whispered.

"None, sir, none."

"When will you carry out the affair?"

"At once."

The tempter smiled, and both the speakers quitted the vehicle. This time Mr. Parfit really did walk towards the West-end. His agent and dupe, as he thought him, proceeded at once to to the poor-house.

They were a well-matched pair; it would have been difficult to decide which had the most cunning.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

This is the fruit of craft:
Like him that shoots up high, looks for the shaft,
And finds it in his forehead.
Craft, once known,
Does teach fools art, leaves the deceiver none:
So he
That sows in craft does reap in jealousy.
MIDDLETON.

Tyrants, it has been observed, are never so recklessly despotic as when they suspect their power to be menaced by opposition, secret or overt. The rule applies to every condition of life, the domestic despot as well as the political one. It has been so in all time, and we doubt not but the example will be repeated to the end of the old fellow's chapter.

Annie and Louisa had now remained more than a month with their aunt at Snarle House, to the terrible annoyance of Mr. Rhimer, who imagined, whether rightly or wrongly time will decide, that his wife no longer wore that meek, submissive air he felt so proud of. More than once she had startled him by expressing an opinion of her own.

Wives, according to his theory, ought not to have such things.

The legacy left to his nieces, by the late General Bland, added to his uneasiness. Not for the money. To do the gentleman justice, he cared little for that; but the manner in which the wealthy widow might think proper to settle it.

As his senior partner, Mr. Charlton, duly observed, "fifteen thousand pounds in her own right would make any woman independent."

Our readers must recollect that we are writing of a period when George IV. was king, and the five per cents. a reality, not a myth.

"Curse the money!" exclaimed Mr. Rhimer, who dreaded the effect it might produce upon his brother's submissive wife, if settled upon herself. "Why does not her aunt declare her intentions?"

"She is a widow," said Mr. Charlton, emphatically.

"I wish the general had died without a will, or left the legacy to some one else."

"Thank you," replied his partner Ray, with a good-humored laugh, "I prefer it as it is."

"He sees with his wife's eyes," observed the old bachelor, sententiously.

"Could I see with prettier ones?" demanded the model husband.

"Pooh! you are a slave, Ray," interrupted the little tyrant.

"My fetters are at least of roses, and yours—or rather, Loo's——"

"Well, sir, well, what of Loo's?"

"Of iron. If I were your wife, I should detest you."

Mr. Rhimer looked awfully indignant.

"I dare say she does—in her heart," added his brother-in law.

"Detest me!" repeated the former. "I should like to catch her doing such a thing; detest me—not her; she respects me, adores me. I shall never suffer the dignity nor the prerogatives of mankind to be rendered ridiculous in my person, whatever you may think fit to do."

"Then, why are you so uneasy about the legacy?" asked Mr. Ray. "Now, I don't care a straw how her aunt may think proper to settle it."

"I dare say not."

"Nor Annie either," said her husband, emphatically. "Am I not right, Charlton?"

"A difficult point to decide," answered the old bachelor, sententiously. "Women are women."

"Thank heaven they are," exclaimed the contented husband. "What the deuse would you have them?"

The above conversation took place during the visit of the three partners to Snarle House. The following day being a holiday in the city, the head of the firm had run down with them.

The peculiarly soft voice, and quiet, sleepy manner of Mrs. General Bland, had failed to make the slightest impression upon the flinty bosom of Mr. Charlton, who entertained an instinctive dread of widows—perhaps, he foresaw that it was his fate to fall by one—and he took every occasion to whisper his suspicions of her being a sort of human crocodile in disguise, to the husband of Loo, who, sternly determined on maintaining his conjugal supremacy, decided, at last, to withdraw his wife from the dangerous counsellors at Snarle House.

Mr. Rhimer had given an extra button to his coat, and put on his highest heeled boots on the morning he made the announcement.

"In three days," repeated the aunt, with a quiet smile; "so soon! I shall be sorry to lose you."

The gentleman bowed stiffly, for he began to consider himself a very ill-used personage.

Little did he imagine the triumphant thought that lurked behind that smile.

"And you, Mr. Ray," added the widow.

"Leave it entirely to Annie," replied the happy husband; "her pleasure is mine."

His wife looked up and rewarded him with one of her sunny smiles, whilst the old bachelor and his brother shrugged their shoulders with pity at his weakness.

For our part, and we feel assured the female portion of our readers will be of the same opinion, we prefer such weakness, if it deserves the name, to their strength.

"How do you intend to amuse yourselves, gentlemen, this morning?" inquired their hostess, languidly.

Mr. Rhimer muttered something about fishing.

"Take care of yourself, the river is deep," replied the lady.

"*And you are not very tall*," added Annie, who delighted to plague him, on account of his unkindness to her sister. "Are you going?" she added, addressing her husband.

"Just as you please, my love."

"Poor slave!" whispered Charlton to his partner; "no dignity—none."

"None!" repeated Rhimer, emphatically.

"Perhaps I may want you," exclaimed the petted wife.

"Then I shall remain."

"You are a dear, kind fellow," said Annie, jumping from her seat and kissing him, "and I insist upon your going. There is a lesson for you."

"Which I should be sorry to follow," observed her brother-in-law pompously. "Woman, with all her beauty and merits, was never intended by nature to govern; Providence has placed her in a subordinate position, and——"

"Subordinate nonsense," interrupted the lady, angrily; "I only wish Loo had a little of my spirit—poor, meek-hearted thing. You should have married me," she added.

"You would have found me the same," said the gentleman, seriously.

"*Should I?*"

Mr. Rhimer felt more satisfied than ever that he had decided upon leaving Snarle House.

As the three partners were on the point of starting, a dispute arose as to carrying the rods; Mrs. General Bland settled it by directing the Hindoo boy Zara to accompany them.

"But how are we to make him understand?" demanded one of them. "He can't speak a word of English."

"Oh, he is very intelligent," observed his mistress. "A sign will be sufficient."

Calling the page to her, the widow gave him his instructions in Hindostanee. The lad listened attentively, smiled once or twice, and gathered up the rods.

"Well, Loo," exclaimed her aunt, as soon as the gentlemen had left the house, "have you made up your mind at last?"

"I almost think I have," was the reply.

"You almost think. Why, you know you have!" exclaimed her sister. "It is too late to retract now."

Poor Mrs. Rhimer looked terribly frightened. The widow drew her towards her, and kissed her affectionately.

"He will be violent at first, no doubt, my love," she observed. "These tyrannical monsters invariably are. But it is astonishing how quickly a little firmness tames them."

"But should he refuse to be tamed," suggested her niece.

"*Let him run wild till he has exhausted himself*," replied the experienced matron, "as they sometimes do with the elephants in India. I never knew it fail."

The speakers stepped from the breakfast-room to the terrace which ran in front of the house, and commanded a view both of the grounds and lake.

"There they are," said the mistress of the mansion, pointing sarcastically to the gentlemen. "Look at them. Three lords of the creation, plotting against one poor weak woman!"

"Two, if you please, aunt!" exclaimed Annie. "Ray is not plotting, I feel certain. He would not know how."

"He has an able instructor," replied Mrs. Bland. "Mind he does not corrupt your husband, my love. Rebellion is catching."

Mrs. Rhimer smiled in conscious security.

"How I should like to hear what they are saying," observed Loo. "I am sure they are scheming something very dreadful."

"Let them, my love," answered the widow, with a look of conscious power; "we are quite capable of outscheming them."

"Not unless we know their intentions."

The aunt gave one of her peculiar smiles. She felt confident in her tactics; strange if she did not, considering the many years she had been the wife of a general.

As she continued to watch Mr. Charlton and his companions, who, by this time, had reached the bank of the lake, her dreamy, dark eyes were occasionally lit by an expression that boded mischief, especially when the old bachelor became more than usually vehement in his gesticulations.

At last they got into the boat and rowed off, leaving the Hindoo boy to return to the house.

"I dare say they will have rare sport," observed Annie.

"We shall, my love, or I am much mistaken."

"How so, aunt?"

"Wait till Zara returns, and I will tell you."

In a brief space of time, considering the distance he had to walk, the page made his appearance upon the terrace. There was something so decidedly comic in the expression of his face, that his mistress at once asked him what he had overheard.

"Oh, my lady missie, two sahib go drown demself."

"What?"

"Two sahib go drown demself."

"Why, he speaks English!" exclaimed Annie.

"Of course he does, my love," replied her aunt, with magnificent composure.

"Which two?" she added, turning to the boy.

"Young sahib, my lady missie. Old one with white hair 'suade dem dat wife no love dem."

Poor Loo looked greatly terrified, and murmured something about abandoning her project. Her sister, on the contrary, did not appear in the slightest degree alarmed. She had no fear of her husband destroying himself.

For an instant Mrs. General Bland felt greatly puzzled. She saw, by the expression of Zara's countenance, that nothing very serious was to be apprehended.

"Drown themselves!" she repeated; "don't believe a word of it. Married men never commit such follies.

"For their wives' sake," she mentally added.

"Pray—pray let us hasten after them," said Mrs. Rhimer, anxiously.

The widow was far too experienced to consent to such a step.

"If the gentlemen really intend to commit suicide," she coolly observed, "it will be too late, but I don't believe a word of it."

"Nor I," said Annie.

Upon questioning the page closely, the boy confessed that the gentlemen were only to pretend to drown themselves, in order to test the affection of their wives; that the white-haired Sahib was to admit them to the house as soon as it was dark, and conceal them in the library adjoining the drawing-room.

"The monsters!" ejaculated Mrs. Ray.

"Fools! my love," suggested her aunt, "is the correct word. I am not surprised at Rhimer, but your husband! I confess that does surprise me. Can you longer hesitate?" she continued, kissing Loo.

"No. My mind is at last made up," replied the latter, indignantly.

"One sahib, little sahib," said the boy, "very angry; no fear noting; tall sahib, very much frighten."

"I should think so," muttered Annie.

A council of war was held, and many resolutions discussed, before a final decision could be arrived at. At last it was settled that the ladies should pretend to believe in their premature widowhood, and afford their husbands the means of judging of the *intensity* of their sorrow.

"It is all that horrid Charlton's doings," observed Loo.

"How can we punish him?"

"Leave him to me," replied the widow. "The man, as a man, is not really bad, only meddlesome and mischevous; with proper management he might make a very tolerable husband. Is he rich?"

"Immensely, aunt."

"Not that, in marriage, money ought to be the consideration," continued their relative.

"How I should like to pay him in his own coin! But there is no way to manage it."

Mrs. Bland looked as if she could suggest one, but as her nieces were not supposed to feel interested in that part of her plan, she very wisely kept it to herself.

There can be no doubt of her being a great tactician.

In the course of the morning Harold Mansell arrived. Being a holiday in the city, of course it was one to him, and he came in the hope of inducing Rhimer and his partner to make a situation in their counting-house for his friend, Tom Mayfield.

"I can promise you my husband's interest," said Mrs. Ray, when informed of the object of his visit. "Unfortunately, it does not depend with him—that horrible Mr. Charlton is the head of the firm, and he keeps all the appointments in his own hand."

"But if you were to ask it?" suggested our hero.

"He would refuse," replied his cousin, laughingly; "he detests me."

"Impossible!"

"Ask Loo."

"He is not so wicked as that," observed her sister, "but I do not think it would advance the interests of your friend, Tom—what did you say his name was?"

"Mayfield."

"A very pretty name," said Mrs. General Bland, "and I will take the young man under my protection. I promise you that in a few days he shall have a situation."

"With Mr. Charlton's consent," cried both her nieces.

"Of course, girls."

The widow certainly must have been a remarkable woman.

"On one condition," added the aunt—"that Mr. Mansell remains here this evening, and promises faithfully to follow my directions in everything."

"I think I may venture to do that," answered our hero, with a smile.

"It may require more nerve than you imagine," observed Mrs. General Bland. "Have you ever made love? Yes! I perceive you have. I need not instruct you in that particular."

"But who am I to make love to?" demanded the young man, blushing deeply.

"Your cousins."

"Oh, that will be delightful!" exclaimed Annie, laughing and clapping her hands with girlish glee, for she divined the intention of the speaker—"won't it, Loo?"

"Well, I rather think it will," answered her sister, demurely.

Never in his life had Harold Mansell felt so completely mystified. He looked first at one, then at the other of his cousins, to ask an explanation.

"Provided," added Mrs. Rhimer, "provided he understands that he is not to make it seriously."

Before the fair plotters and their suitor sat down to lunch, the mystery was fully explained to him, and, with a light heart, he declared his readiness to make love to both of them.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

CHEERFULNESS.—Persons who are always cheerful and good-humored are very useful in the world: they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live around them.

RUTH AND I.

BY ALICE CARY.

It was not day, and was not night;
The eve had just begun to light
Along the lovely west,
His golden candles, one by one,
And girded up in clouds, the sun
Was sunken to his rest.

Between the furrows, brown and dry,
We walked in silence—Ruth and I;
We two had been, since morn
Began her tender tunes to beat
Upon the May-leaves, young and sweet,
Together planting corn.

Homeward the evening cattle went
In patient, slow, full-fed content,
Led by a rough, strong steer,
His forehead all with burs thickset,
His horns of silver tipt with jet,
And shapeless shadow, near.

With timid, half reluctant grace,
Like lovers in some favored place,
The light and darkness met,
And the air trembled, near and far,
With many a little tuneful jar
Of milk pans being set.

We heard the house-maids at their cares,
Pouring their hearts out unawares
In some sad poet's ditty,
And heard the fluttering echoes round
Reply like souls all softly drowned
In heavenly love and pity.

All sights, all sounds in earth and air
Were of the sweetest; everywhere
Ear, eye and heart were fed;
The grass with one small burning flower
Blushed bright, as if the elves that hour
Their coats thereon had spread.

One moment, where we crossed the brook
Two little sunburnt hands I took—
Why did I let them go?
I've been since then in many a land,
Touched, held, kissed many a fairer hand,
But none that thrilled me so.

Why, when the bliss Heaven for us made
Is in our very bosoms laid,
Should we be all unmoved,
And walk, as now do Ruth and I,
'Twixt th' world's furrows, brown and dry,
Unloving, and unloved?

◆

CAUGHT ON AN ICE-FLOAT.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The Kanawha river takes its rise in the Alleghany Mountains of Virginia, flows through several counties, and empties its waters into the Ohio at a place called Point Pleasant. It is navigable as far up as the Great Falls, some eighty miles above its mouth, and is mainly remarkable for the extensive salt-works which here and there dot its banks. The Falls, the head of navigation, is a wild, picturesque locality, full of interest to the lover of the romantic. The high, steep hills—the frowning bluffs—the deep, dark glens—the rocky valley, with the broad river rolling, flashing and thundering down a ledge of more than twenty feet in descent—all combine to render it a scene of wild beauty, grandeur and sublimity.

It is now several years since I stood upon a large, flat rock, which stretched far out into the stream above the flash and roar of the waters, and for a time gave myself up to such strange and weird-like fancies as the hour and scene were calculated to inspire. It was night—clear, soft and balmy—with the pale light of a waning moon tipping trees, rocks and waters with silver, and leaving dark, mysterious shadows below and around, for an active imagination—roused, fed and soothed by the steady, solemn thunders of the fall—to form and shape into objects of beauty, wonder or terror.

I had forgotten my present companion—an old man with silver hairs, who had accompanied me from a neighboring hotel in the capacity of guide—till a touch on my arm, and a remark, called me to myself; and then turning to him, I exclaimed:

"Tell me the legend of the place."

"I don't understand you," he replied.

"Can a scene like this—so wild, beautiful, grand and mysterious—so abounding in all that is romantic and poetical—be without its corresponding legend?" said I, with a species of enthusiasm that made the old man stare. "Think you this huge rock has been here for ages, with these waters writhing, whirling, foaming and thundering past, and yet no despairing lover, no pale-faced beauty, or dark-eyed Indian maid—been ushered into eternity through the dark portals of the revolving pools below?"

"Wall, Colonel," returned the old man, in a respectful tone, but with a matter-of-fact air and emphasis that was anything but poetical, "all I can say is, I never heerd of none. Thar was a chap drownded somewhar below here, but he was out a-fishing, and warn't connected with no gal scrape as I knows on; and then thar was a boat upsot above here, and three fellers had tight scratching for the shore, and——"

"That will do, my friend!" I interrupted, "that will do! I thought there might be some romantic legend of the place, but I see there is not."

"Nothing, I guess, of the kind you speak on, Colonel; but if gitting nigh death along with the gal of your fancy, and having a right smart chance of a skeer, would be anything to interest you about this here stream, I wouldn't mind telling you a little matter that happ'd to me and my old woman before you was born. We came nigh going to etarnity right down below whar you're standing, sure enough; but then we didn't, and both is living now, and mayhap that'll spile the story for you."

"Suppose you tell it, and then I can judge!" said I; and withdrawing from the immediate fall to a spot where I could hear the old man with ease, and yet retain a full impression of the wild and romantic scene, I seated myself and listened to the adventure which I have recorded in the language of the narrator.

"When I was a young man," he began, "and courting Miss Sary Ann Bixby, (that's my present old woman,) I used to be as fond of hunting as a b'ar is of honey. Deer was my special incline, and many's the fat buck that my old rifle has stopped on his longest leap, to say nothing of does and fawns without number. Sary Ann then lived in a log cabin a few mile above here, and I lived in another about two mile furder on, and whensomever I started down to see her in daylight, I al'ays tuk my dogs and gun, and ginerally fotched her so'thing nice that I'd shot on the way.

"Wall, one day in the spring of the year, when the streams was all froze up still—though like to be free soon, bekase of a right smart thaw we'd had—I started out for a bit of a hunt, intending to wind up at Bixby's, and finish the evening with Sary Ann. The dogs soon got off on the track of a buck, and led me a most onmarciful chase, till I got clean tired out, and swore I wouldn't go no furder, and then I made as nigh a beeline as I could for Bixby's, with no intention of saying a word about my day's sport.

"I got in sight of the house about sundown, and was just turning a narrer pass that opened on the river, when all at onct I heerd the deep baying of the dogs, sounding from over behind the hill, and b'lieved the game was coming right into my hands at last, for that thar pass was one of the runs of the animal, and I looked to see it come bounding by to cross the river on the ice.

"Wall, I got myself all ready for a shot, and didn't have long to wait. Every minute fotched the sounds of the dogs nigher and nigher; and jest peeping round the edge of a rock, I soon got sight of a fine buck, with big antlers, making long, slow leaps, with his tongue running out, as if he was purty well used up, while after him the dogs was lolling and panting and looking as if ready to drop.

"Jest as the buck passed me, I tuk aim and let drive; but the old feller didn't seem to mind it a bit, and the next minute him and the dogs was on the ice, making straight tracks for t'other side.

"'Go to thunder, you old brute!' says I out aloud, and so mad about missing him that I could have struck my best friend.

"'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed Sary Ann right clost behind me, whar she'd crept up without my hearing or seeing her: 'Is that the way you shoot deer, Ralph!'

"'How come you here?' says I, purty sharp, but feeling so mean I didn't know which way to look—for I'd always made Sary Ann think I was some with the rifle.

"'Oh, I seen you from the house, heerd the dogs, and jest run down to see you do it!' says she, laughing.

"'And didn't I do it?' says I, with a smile of triumph—for jest that moment I heerd the peculiar snarling and growling of the dogs, that told me the deer was down. 'Step out whar you can see, and then laugh ag'in, Sary Ann!' says I, feeling about as proud now as a little boy in soger clothes.

"Nyther of us could see the buck from whar we was; but on going out from a clump of bushes, thar he lay, right afore us, about midway of the stream, with the dogs tugging away at him.

"'You see, Sary Ann,' continers I, 'a big buck like that thar don't al'ays drop to onct when he's morterly wounded; but that arn't the fault of the hunter—no—nary time.'

"'And so you did hit him, hey?' says she, looking quite pleased, for she thought a heap of me.

"'Come and see!' says I—though hoping she wouldn't—for I warn't altogether sure but he'd fell from fatigue—though I knowed it wouldn't do to seem afeard of an examination with a gal like Sary Ann.

"She didn't wait for me to ax her twice, but sot off straight, pretending she'd help me fotch it up to the house. We'd got on the ice, and about half way to the deer, when I heerd one or two sharp reports below me that I didn't like.

"'See here, Sary Ann,' says I, 'this here ice is breaking up.'

"'Then we'd better hurry,' says she; and she run for'ard instead of back.

"When we got to the buck, we found him quite dead, and thar was my bullet hole right over the heart, making me feel awful proud.

"'Thar's no denying you're a marksman!' says Sary Ann, looking up affectionate into my face; and as it was gitting duskish, and nobody about, I took the liberty of kissing her, jest to make all square.

"Then, somehow, arter this, we kind o' sot down on the deer, and I made out to ax her if it wasn't most time for us to git married, and so on; and we was still sitting and talking, and not thinking about its gitting dark, when all to onct thar came three or four reports like guns, so close to us as to make us jump up, while the dogs run off yelping.

"'Gracious Heaven! the ice is breaking up all round us!' cries Sary Ann, cotching hold of me in alarm. 'Quick, Ralph—let us run to the bank!'

"We started—me for'ard, and having hold of Sary Ann's hand—but I hadn't tuk five steps, when the treacherous ice gin way under me, and I jumped back and fell on to the hard cake behind, just saving myself from going under. I scrambled to my feet, and seen, by the little light yit left, that thar warn't no hope that side, and then we turned and made for t'other. But we hadn't got fur, when bang, bang, went the ice agin, with a splashing of water, and then the piece we was on begun to rock, showing it was cut free from all the rest.

"It's been a good many years, Colonel, that I've lived sence then; but I tell you I haint forgot, no more'n if it was yesterday, the awful feelings that come over me when I found Sary Ann and me was all so suddenly cut off from all human aid, and had got to die so young, in that thar cold, dark water—for all chance of gitting to shore alive I looked upon as too small to be wo'th counting. The river was rising from a freshet above, our block had begun to turn and float down with the rest, and of course thar warn't no telling what minute we'd go to pieces and be lost—for I knowed I couldn't never swim ashore with Sary Ann—and to save my own life, and let her go, warn't in the natur' of Ralph Ruggles.

"'Sary Ann,' says I, taking hold of her hand, which I felt tremble, though she hadn't screamed nor said a word; 'Sary Ann,' says I, 'do you know we're on one bit of ice, and drifting down-'ards, the Lord He only knows whar?'

"'Yes, Ralph,' says she, quite firm and calm like, 'I knows it.'

"'Had I better holler to your folks, and let 'em know what's happ'd, and see if they can do us any good?'

"'No,' says she, 'for father's away, and thar's nobody at home but mother and the children, and she couldn't do us no good, and might lose her life atrying to. We'll trust in God and our own exertions,' says she, 'and if them don't save us, then good-bye to all. If you can save yourself though, Ralph, I want you to do it, and not mind me.'

"'If I do,' says I, 'then I'm a black-hearted coward!'

"Arter this thar warn't no more spoke for some time; but I tell you, Colonel, we both thought a good deal, we did. It got dark awful fast; and so dark it got, too, that I couldn't tell land from water, and the splashing and gurgling around us sounded dismal enough. With the butt of my gun I ventur'd to tap the ice keerful, to find out how big a piece we was on; and I made it out about twenty foot one way and fifteen another; and I thought if this didn't break a-going over the shoals below, it might somehow drift to one bank or t'other, and we be saved yit.

"It's no use trying to tell you what we did feel, as we went rocking and floating down thar in the dark, and I won't attempt it. In about half an hour we felt the ice pitching and jerking for'ard amongst the rocks, and I put my arms around Sary Ann, to steady her, and die with her, if the ice should break from under us. But it didn't, though it broke off all round the edges, and in a little while we knowed we was safe in smooth water ag'in.

"Wall, Colonel, we went on in this sort of way for about two of the longest hours that ever I lived, and then we begun to hear the roar of these here falls.

"'Oh, God!' says Sary Ann, 'have we been saved from so many dangers to be dashed to death now?'

"'We don't know what's in store for us, poor dear!' says I, not knowing what to say to comfort her, and feeling sich agony on her account that the cold sweat jest started out all over me. 'Mayhap it's life arter all, and the Lord He only knows!' says I.

"Sary Ann kivered her face with her hands, and sort o' groaned, but didn't say nothing more, nor me nyther; for thar didn't seem to be nothing to say but prayers, and them we could best think over into ourselves.

"Wall, we went on, and on, and on, and every minute the awful roar of the Falls growed louder, with the ice-blocks crashing over 'em like thunder, and 'pearing to tell us we'd soon be in eternity. All we poor, weak mortals could do, was to sit down together in the center, with our arms round each other, and wait for death; and this we done, in awful silence—thinking and praying, but never speaking a word.

"Louder and louder came the roar and thunder of the falling waters and crashing ice, and tighter and tighter we grasped each other, and then more breathless and lifeless we seemed to git for the last crash and struggle we'd ever hear, and feel, and know. Then we felt the ice catched, as if by some monster, and whirled around like a top, and sent for'ard with a swiftness we could feel if we couldn't see.

"'Good-bye, Ralph—God have mercy on us!' says Sary Ann, clutching me with trembling hands.

"'Good-bye,' says I, 'till we meet ag'in in a better world.'

"Then, quick as lightning, thar came another *whirl*, another darting for'ard like, a tremendous upheaving and crashing, and we was sent rolling together down some steep rough place upon the hard earth. Bruised as we was, we scrambled to our feet, and found hard ground beneath us. And then, arter gitting our senses a little, we diskivered that the current here had throwed our block of ice up over this very rock, on top of others, and we'd rolled off down 'em on to the bank, whar we was safe. Then we throwed our arms around each other, and shouted out our joy, and thanked God in voices that echoed all through this here valley. Then we sot off for home, thanking God all the way. About a month arter that, Sary Ann and me got married, and we've been thanking God ever since, for that night's wonderful preservation."

The story of the old woodman lent additional interest to the scene upon which I was gazing, and I went away satisfied that the place had had its romance of life.

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BABY IS DEAD.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Baby is dead! Within her little coffin
She lies cold and white,
Her little hands are crossed upon her bosom
Where lie roses bright,
And stray the ringlets of her silken tresses
O'er her peaceful face,
Where beams a smile as if an angel bound her
In her fond embrace.
Baby is dead!

Baby is dead! How still is all the household.
Little pattering feet
No longer blend with happy song and laughter,
Playmates glad to greet,
But creep in silence to the little coffin,
Where, in awe and fear,
Fall fast the early tears and earnest whispers
O'er the tiny bier.
Baby is dead!

◆

FLESH AND BONES.

I wish to enter my indignant protest against the heartless manner in which "fleshy" people are treated by an incredulous world. It is the more surprising, when it is a notorious fact, that "Pharaoh's lean kine" eat more, and live longer, than any plump specimen of humanity that ever had existence. The reader has only to ransack his memory faithfully, to endorse the truth of this sentiment. And yet they go through the world, challenging pity, and receiving it, too—as "confirmed invalids!" Everybody advises the overlooking of their little peculiarities, because nobody knows how soon they may die. They are to be humored, and petted, and indulged, to the top of their bent, in view of slender wrists and thin cheeks, all the while that they eat like boa-constrictors, and snore at night the snore of the just. Because one's bones are not visible, is one exempt from pains and aches? Because one has a florid complexion, is one proof against racking headache? Because one has plump shoulders, must one be constantly slapped on them, or passed by on the other side by all good Samaritans? Is one's mouth to be muzzled about one's aches and ails, for fear of being met with unbelieving peals of laughter? Is one, when sick enough to have a doctor, to be roused to fury by the insulting remark, "how very well you are looking?" Must some Paul Pry *always* answer the interrogative How-d'ye-do? addressed to yourself with, "Look at her—can you imagine anything ailing *her?*" Thank goodness, the medical fraternity are more enlightened. *They* know that your "fleshy" person is not necessarily a healthy person. They know that looking well is not synonymous with feeling well. And though they smile crocodilially on the fancied illnesses of your clapboard people, their *real* sympathies, I have reason to believe, are on the side of the rosy, fleshy, and more fragile ones! FANNY FERN.

◆

FACING BOTH WAYS.

If anybody knows a more despicable creature than he who stands perched on the fence of "policy," ready to jump either way, as worldly interest points, throwing a sugar-plum first to one side, and then to the other, by even calculating measure, and flattering himself he is all the while preserving a beautiful diplomatic neutrality, that will land him high and dry above every possible billow and breaker of circumstance;—if any one knows a more despicable creature than this, let him show him up, for I have failed to find him! A creature destitute of enthusiasm on any subject save himself, pursuing such a course as this, and worse than all, wrapping up his cowardice and selfishness in the convenient and much abused mantle of the "Sermon on the Mount!" Meek pietists! who baptize tyrannical arrogance their "brother," and *conscientiously* scruple to interpose between him and his helpless victims. Who can be conveniently deaf and blind, to that which they do not *desire* to see and know; who can contemplate a battle-field, without one generous word of cheer for the right, one word of reproof for giant wrong; and prattle sweetly, and above all —*safely*, of handsome colonels, and soldiers' chiselled chins and noses, and see only in the sublime struggle for liberty a pretty panorama for a bright summer day! Out on such time-servers and hypocrites! Their ostrich endeavors to hide their deformed heads, under the mask of "neutrality," will not prevent their detection, and the well-earned contempt of all honest and honorable men. FANNY FERN.

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THE BUSINESS OF A SCHOLAR.—To talk in private, to think in solitude, to inquire or to answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar. He wanders about the world without pomp or terror; and is neither known nor valued but by men like himself.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

Ledger Reader.—This correspondent is one of those numerous gentlemen who show agility in jumping at a conclusion. He informs us that, six weeks ago, he wrote to the Ledger asking two questions to be answered in these columns. The answers have never appeared. The inference which he draws from these facts is that the Ledger's "questions and answers are all made up by the same person"—a somewhat hasty and a decidedly sweeping conclusion. He finishes his epistle by repeating his two precious questions. One was: "Where can the Candle Lectures be had?" This question we did not think it necessary to answer, because we were certain that if our correspondent were ever married, he would know very well where Caudle Lectures were to be had, and if he remained single, it was none of his business. His second question asked the names given to the months during the French revolution. This information we have twice given in this department of the Ledger, during the last three years, once briefly, and again at considerable length, with all the details we could think of. And this is the principal reason why we are compelled to pass over so many letters in silence. When we have once given a piece of information, it is not fair to the mass of our readers to occupy our space (or rather, *their* space) with giving it over and over again. A large number of questions, too, are similar to that relating to the Candle Lectures, too trivial to be answered seriously. If a correspondent asks us where he can buy a ton of coal, it would be very easy to answer, "At a coalyard;" but we are obliged to consider that among our hundreds of thousands of readers there is, perhaps, but that *one* inquirer who does not know where coal is to be looked for. We, therefore, consign his epistle to the oblivion of the paper-basket.

Orlando.—The case of the young lady to whom you refer calls for the most careful consideration and the tenderest solicitude. It is evident that she is in a state of such morbid sensitiveness as to be almost, if not utterly unable to form a correct judgment in regard to any subject connected with the causes or circumstances of her irritation and unhappiness. It would seem, however, that a knowledge of the fact that she has one *true friend* in whom she professes to believe fully and unconditionally, ought to afford her tempest-tossed spirit a safe anchorage until calmer and pleasanter days shall come. You might perhaps do her a good service by showing her how devoted that friend is, and how above all price is the blessing of such trust and faith as he reposes in her—a trust and faith, however, which, if once lost, would inevitably be lost forever. By so doing, you may be the providential instrument of preventing her from raising an insuperable barrier between herself and one with whom she otherwise may yet "walk hand-in-hand adown the golden western slope of life" in the enjoyment of a fruition which the most favored mortals might envy. The truest hearts never give up their chosen so long as they do not prove themselves to be unworthy of being the chosen of such hearts, but hope on and love on through all trials, and all delays, and all changes, and even against impossibilities.

E. V. B.—The alliteration to which you refer is entitled "The Battle of Belgrade," and combines in itself an alliteration and an acrostic. It is the greatest triumph of ingenuity in its line that we ever saw. The words are,

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade;
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom;
Every endeavor engineers essay
For fame, for fortune, forming furious fray.
Gaunt gunners grapple, giving gashes good;
Heaves high his head heroic hardihood.
Ibraham, Islam, Ismael, imps in ill,
Jostle, John, Jarovlitz, Jem, Joe, Jack and Jill;
Kick kindling Kutusoff, king's kinsmen kill.
Labor low levels loftiest longest lines;
Men march 'mid moles, 'mid mounds, 'mid murd'rous mines.
Now nightfall's near, now needful nature nods
Opposed opposing overcoming odds.
Poor peasants, partly purchased, partly pressed
Quite quaking "Quarter! quarter!" quickly quest.
Reason returns, recalls redundant rage,
Saves sinking soldiers, softens Seigniors sage.
Truce, Turkey, truce! Truce treach'rous Tartar train
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine.
Vanish vile vengeance! Vanish victory vain!
Wisdom wails war—wails warring words. What were
Xerxes, Xantippe, Ximines, Xavier?
Yet Yassey's youth, ye yield your youthful yest
Zealously, Zanies, zealously, zeals zest.

G. K. J.—If the young lady to whom you are engaged broke a positive promise to go with you to a place of amusement, in order to attend a ball with another gentleman, we think you have cause for displeasure. As to your breaking the engagement in consequence, you should be very sure that you are right in thinking she *understood* that she was to go with you on that night, before you take such a step. A young lady who is in the habit of doing such things, or who would habitually go to balls with other gentlemen even if she had no appointments with her affianced lover, can never make a good wife.

Mary.—The phrase "veni, vidi, vici," which you so often see quoted, means, "I came, I saw, I conquered," and constituted the whole of Cæsar's despatch to the Roman Senate, on the occasion of his victory over Pharnaces, king of Pontus and son of the renowned Mithridates, at the battle of Zela, B. C. 47. We agree with you that authors should not interlard their writings with quotations from foreign languages; but still, there are some phrases, of which Cæsar's notable despatch is a specimen, that *force* themselves into *all languages*, and with the meaning of which every ordinarily well read person is supposed to be familiar.

Constant Reader.—If a young lady regrets having made an engagement of marriage, and has no love to bestow on him to whom it is promised, we believe it her duty frankly and kindly to tell him so; because no pain that could be inflicted in such a case could equal that which the knowledge of such a fact *after* marriage would occasion her husband. If she should marry him, under such circumstances, it would, of course, be not only politic, but also her duty, to be as affectionate and kind towards her husband as she could possibly be, and never let him know that she had no love for him.

January.—The custom of making New Year's presents is very ancient, and is referred by some to Titus Tatius, King of the Sabines, B. C. 747. The story is, that on the first day of the year he received a present of some branches cut in a wood which was consecrated to Strenia the goddess of strength; and considering it a good omen he authorized the custom of making presents upon that day, and gave to them the appellation of Streniæ. The custom afterwards existed among the Romans, and by them was transmitted to all civilized nations.

Emily.—"Talking love" is talking sentimental nonsense. People who *feel* love, don't "talk" it, in the sense which that expression implies. Of course, a couple who love each other will give evidence thereof in nearly every look, tone and action, when they are alone in each other's presence; but a real lover, whether man or woman, never "talks" love, in the glib and formal manner which that creature who may be called a *professional lover* exhibits in his rhetorical and high-wrought love-making.

Hannibal.—A woman who would answer a matrimonial advertisement, must either do it in an imprudent spirit of fun, or be a person with whom no respectable man would wish to be associated in marriage. Goods that sell readily in the market, are not apt to be put up at auction.

H. W.—In some cases a bad breath cannot be cured. It proceeds from many causes. You should be careful that your stomach be kept in good order, and your teeth well taken care of. If not remedied by these means, submit your case to some intelligent physician.

Miff.—Why do you wish to "win back a young man who has left you for another lady?" You should make no effort to "win back" such a piece of fickleness. Let him go, and be thankful that you have got rid of him.

B. B. A.—The ailment known as *the hives* is said to be produced by a heated state of the blood. If you touch each spot now and then with a little sweet oil, it will allay the irritation, and they will cease to trouble you.

Columbia.—There was no exchange of prisoners between Cromwell and Charles I., that we can hear of. No great number of prisoners were taken in the wars of that day, and those that were taken were kept.

R. S. V. P.—The Great Eastern accommodates 800 first-class passengers, 2,000 second-class, and 1,200 third-class; total, four thousand. She has stowage for 6,000 tons of cargo.

Fannie.—Is it proper to introduce friends in the street, especially a lady to a gentleman? It is proper enough, but of late the custom has fallen into disuse, and no one is expected to feel slighted if it is not done.

S. S.—"Is it right," asks this young lady, "for girls to '*sit up*' with young men of whom their parents disapprove?" There can be but one answer to that question, and that is—*No.*

J. H. A. says, "I am very much in love with a girl of fifteen, shall I declare my love now, or wait till she is older!" We advise you to say nothing to the girl, till you have submitted the matter to her parents.

Canton.—The tariff, as recently revised and altered, can be obtained in cheap pamphlet form. You will find therein all the information you desire.

Bernard.—None but those who are ignorant of the facts will persist in claiming that the moderns are inferior to the ancients in a knowledge of the arts and sciences, or even in regard to architecture. The three great inventions which are paramount to all others, the Rail Road, Steamboat and Telegraph were unknown to them. Commercial intercourse between nations was unknown to them, except upon land by an occasional caravan. A large majority of the sciences are of modern origin, and most of them are of comparatively recent date. Of banking institutions, the art of printing, the manufacture of paper, the science of projectiles, the composition of gunpowder, except by the Chinese, who put it to no use—in fact, of almost every great invention which now constitutes the foundation of a particular trade or science, they knew nothing at all. Take away even these, to say nothing of others which might be enumerated, and the circle of arts, inventions and vocations is contracted to exceedingly narrow limits. The examples of architecture which you enumerate, are far inferior to the productions of modern genius. The great temple of Solomon, whose size was only about 107 feet by 37, did not equal Trinity Church of New York, which measures about 192 feet by 84. The great Temple of Diana at Ephesus measured 422 feet by 225, whereas there are now nineteen different cathedrals which surpass it in size, among which are the Antwerp Cathedral, St. Paul's, St. Peter's, and Westminster Abbey.

Milford.—Your teacher is mistaken in saying that the Duke of Marlborough owed his rank and position to aristocratic influence exerted in his favor. His name was John Churchill; when a mere boy he was page of honor to the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and he entered the army as an ensign when still young. From this humble position he raised himself, sheerly by his transcendent abilities, to the proud eminence which he subsequently occupied. His wife was a magnificent woman, and one of the ablest personages of her time, and the fact that she loved her husband tenderly and believed in him thoroughly, is some evidence that the Duke was not the mean man which some historians have represented him to be. Some idea of her attachment for her husband may be gathered from her reply to a nobleman who sought her in marriage years after she had become a widow, that reply being, "Were I young and handsome as I am old and faded, and should the monarch of the earth kneel at my feet, I would not bestow upon him the hand that was once given in marriage to John Duke of Marlborough." A man who could inspire such a woman with such an enduring love must have had *some* noble qualities.

Bella.—Zenobia was queen of Palmyra, and, according to some writers, was a Jewess, according to others an Egyptian. On the death of her husband, Odenathus, she filled the throne alone, and reigned with such wisdom and power that she is considered the greatest of oriental heroines. On the invasion of Palmyra by the Emperor Aurelian, she met him and fought two pitched battles, but, being defeated by the superiority of the Roman legions over her light armed orientals, she retired to her capital, and defended it with incomparable vigor and bravery. When resistance became useless, she fled, but was overtaken and carried a captive to Rome, to grace the triumph of Aurelian. She was presented with an elegant villa at the present town of Tivoli, about 20 miles from Rome, where she resided as a Roman matron; her daughters married into noble families, and her posterity was not extinct in the fifth century.

E. B. C.—The union of England and Wales took place in 1283. Scotland was united to England in 1603 by the accession of James VI. of Scotland, to the English throne, who then took the title of James I. Although governed by one sovereign the two countries had separate Parliaments until 1707, when they were united by an act ratified by both Parliaments. Ireland was conquered by the English, under Henry II., during the twelfth century, but the Parliaments were not united until 1800. The name England was first officially bestowed upon that country by Egbert, the first king, at the council of Winchester, A. D. 829. It was first styled Great Britain on the union with Scotland, and when Ireland was formally united, the whole was called, "The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

Pluvoir.—The umbrella has been used from very remote antiquity, as is evident from carvings and representations found among ancient ruins of Persia, Arabia and China. Nevertheless it was not used by men in England until during the last century, and it is said that Jonas Hanway, who died in 1786, was the first person who used an umbrella in the streets of London. Even at that late period a man carrying an umbrella was an object of ridicule, and excited the jeers of the people by his "effeminacy." Previous to the introduction of umbrellas, the hackney coach was the shelter of unfortunate pedestrians who happened to be caught in a shower; but it was customary after their introduction, to keep a single umbrella at each of the coffee houses, which, upon cases of emergency, was lent, together with a boy to carry it.

J. W. puts the following case: A young man asked a lady to allow him to wait upon her home; she did so, and on the way stopped to speak to a gentleman of her acquaintance, when her beau immediately left her alone with him. Did he do right? Of course not. It was a most ungentlemanly proceeding. Only a very green fellow supposes that he has a right to insult every woman who does not exactly meet his ideas of what is due to himself. If a lady displeases you, you are not necessitated to continue the acquaintance, but only a boor would insult her.

Cordie.—The word, *etiquette*, is French, and means in that language a ticket, or card. It appears that in former times it was the custom in France, on occasions of ceremony or festivity, to distribute among the guests tickets, or small slips of paper, containing an outline of the proceedings and directions for the conduct of the company. Thus, if a thing was done properly, it was said to be done according to the ticket, or the *etiquette*. In course of time the word acquired its present general meaning, and was adopted into the English language.

Mexicano puts the following question: "Suppose a gentleman is spending the evening at the house of some select friends, among whom are several ladies, and as the time for his departure draws near, he finds that all the ladies have left the parlor, save the one with whom he is conversing, and on accidentally looking at an aperture in the ceiling, he discovers one of the ladies who had recently left the room, watching him, to what should he attribute such conduct?" Perhaps it would not be rash to attribute it to *curiosity*.

A. B. C. says that the circles in which he moves, and in which all the usages of polite society are punctiliously observed, are convulsed with the following question, viz.: Is it becoming in a lady to whistle in the presence of a gentleman, *without being requested to do so?* On general principles, and speaking for society, we should say no; but a gentleman, in speaking for himself individually, might say it would depend on the musicalness of the lady's tone and the beauty of her whistling mouth.

J. V. W.—St. Valentine was a presbyter of the church, who suffered martyrdom at Rome, in the year 271, during the reign of Claudius II. Valentines received that appellation from being sent upon the day consecrated to him, the proper name of which is *St.* Valentine's day. The custom of sending these missives is said to have arisen from the alleged fact that upon that day, the 14th of February, the birds choose their mates, and hence the custom is followed by *unfledged* youths.

H. V. M.—A friend of yours, who is acquainted with two young ladies, invites you to call on them. Upon leaving, they invite *him*, but not *you*, to call again. Shall you go there after this? It might have been diffidence on their part, instead of neglect. It is as well, however, for you to wait until your friend signifies to you that your presence is requested.

M. Y.—You have become acquainted with a damsel whom you like, but don't wish to marry, though she evidently expects you to do so. What is to be done? We have no advice to give to young men, who selfishly absorb a lady's attention until they are "expected to marry" them. *You had no business to be so attentive, if you had no serious intentions.*

Sam.—It is impossible for us to tell you what would be the most suitable gift for a lady with whom you are in love, unless we knew more about you both than that you were good friends. A young man's circumstances should be taken into account in making presents, as well as the degree of intimacy that would warrant the offer and acceptance of a present.

J. M.—It is barely *possible* that circumstances might arise in which it would be proper for one man to chastise another in the presence of ladies, at a social gathering, but the chances are a million to one that any man, in doing such a thing, would be grossly and inexcusably wrong.

Philological.—The plural "we" was first used "in the language of kings" to denote but one person, by King John in the year 1199. The German emperors and the French kings imitated this example in the following year, and it is now the style royal of all monarchs.

J. J.—It is *not* proper for a lady to write a love-letter —just for fun; such an act would be a very indiscreet thing, and might subject her to insult and suspicion.

Interested.—You can get all the back numbers of the Ledger from June 7th, 1856, by ordering them through your news-dealer.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*